

JUN 26 1958

# THE MONTH

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That is enough to prove that our Lord felt intensely about colour, translucency, form, texture—all the delicate constituents of the humblest flower. But his point is, that '*God* thus clothes them!' The First Cause, God, is always at work in all things.

Trees play a great part in the Scriptures, 'all the trees of the woods shall exult before the Lord, for He is come!' (Ps. 95 : 12): in Isaiah 55 : 12 they clap their hands at His advent; in 44 : 24 the mountain forests break out into shouts of joy. To hear the

wind rushing through a vast fir-forest, is to hear the roar of a multitude praising God; and the first incandescent haze of spring—bronze, and pink, then green—and the gold and orange and crimson of autumn are an orchestra to His glory.

And the tree has its history! The Tree of Paradise was lovely till Sin took hold of it. But, the legend tells, God marked forthwith its wood so that at last from that tree should grow the tree which should redeem the ruin that the first had caused: '*Ipse lignum tunc notavit damna ut ligni solveret*'; and 'that he who by the tree had conquered, by the Tree might be defeated' (Preface for the Cross).

And finally, the Grove of Life on the hill of the New Jerusalem (Apoc. 22 : 2). It rose green upon the terraces of the Mountain-City—the Christian People, full of grace, *vegetati*, given sap and springing vitality by the downward-pouring Spirit. Thus is the soul led to 'the lawns of Thy Paradise for ever green' and rests by the waters of refreshment that go not only through the forests in great waterfalls—but softly, through wide pastures.

FR C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

*The above contribution from Father Martindale is one of a series of commentaries on the Scriptures appearing every week in*

THE CATHOLIC HERALD



# THE MONTH

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New Series

JUNE 1958

VOL. 19. No. 6

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The Month is edited from 114 Mount Street, W.I, GROsvenor 2995, and published by Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd., 6 & 7 Clifford Street, London, W.I. Subscriptions may be addressed to any bookseller, or, in Great Britain, direct to the Publishers; in U.S.A. to British Publications, Inc., 30 East 60th Street, New York 22, N.Y.; in France to W. H. Smith & Son, 248 Rue de Rivoli, Paris. The annual subscription is 34s. 6d., U.S.A. \$6.

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# THE HOLINESS OF JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

By  
VINCENT BLEHL

IT IS A LITTLE OVER A YEAR since the *Autobiographical Writings* of Newman were published, a work of prime importance in the field of Newman biography. These memoranda and journals present the intimate, private, and, at times, most secret thoughts and feelings of one whom Fr. Przywara declared to be the St. Augustine of the modern Church. They draw the veil, allowing glimpses into the inner man. But, for all that, they remain periodic glimpses, not the total view, and call for assessment and evaluation in the light of Newman's entire life. It was to be expected that different readers would pass varying, and perhaps antithetical judgments upon the evidence presented. This article proposes to comment on two opposed views of the *Autobiographical Writings*: one by Fr. Bouyer, in his work, *Newman: sa vie; sa spiritualité*, just translated into English, and the other by Mgr. Joseph Clifford Fenton, in two recent articles in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*.

Fr. Bouyer wrote his work before the *Autobiographical Writings* were published in English, but he made extensive use of them in his work. Thanks to J. Lewis May, Fr. Bouyer's book is now made available in an English translation<sup>1</sup> and one, incidentally, which can only excite admiration and delight, for the former biographer of Newman has rendered a knotty and difficult French style into a smooth and charming English, which is a pleasure to read.

Fr. Bouyer considers the autobiographical writings in the wider context of Newman's life, of which he has written a selective account. He has chosen for particular emphasis and treatment

<sup>1</sup> *Newman: His Life and Spirituality*, by Louis Bouyer. Translated from the French by J. Lewis May (Burns and Oates 30s).

Newman's spirituality, his inner life and holiness. It is this aspect of his work that constitutes at once its significance and its contribution to Newman biography.

As a record of Newman's inner life, Fr. Bouyer's book is not, nor does it pretend to be, exhaustive. Certain passages in the *Apologia* but more especially in the *Autobiographical Writings*, dealing with significant spiritual experiences, such as Newman's conversion at the age of fifteen, the death of his sister, Mary, and his illness in Sicily, are carefully explored, and readers should be pleased with Fr. Bouyer's thorough and subtle analyses of these texts. Fr. Bouyer rightly emphasises the homogeneous evolution of Newman's spiritual life, and reconciles seeming inconsistencies, as, for example, Newman's relinquishing of evangelical doctrine without disturbance to the fundamental character of his original conversion.

Fr. Bouyer's account of the repercussions on Newman's spiritual life of his sister Mary's death is particularly well-handled, and will remind some readers, as it did this one, of Gabriel Marcel's brilliant analysis of the qualitatively different experience of the presence of a loved one before and after death. The death of Mary, while detaching Newman from earthly things, brought about a renewed and deepened sense of the invisible world seen in and through the visible. In passing on to the account of the Mediterranean voyage, Fr. Bouyer might have brought out more fully the further development of this symbolic view of the natural world. Let me amplify this statement in more detail.

Newman felt disappointed that he did not experience that enlargement of mind, which he anticipated as an educative fruit of travel. Instead, he was visited by a frightening loneliness. Cut off, for the first time, from the familiar landmarks of environment, particularly from the intellectually stimulating atmosphere of Oxford, he experienced a sensation of constricting loneliness, that seemed to pinch and narrow his horizons, and throw him back upon himself. Yet, paradoxically, and one wonders if Newman himself ever recognised it, the total effect of the Mediterranean adventure was a different type of enlargement—an ultimate widening of his *anima*, rather than of his *animus*. The loneliness, while serving to release and detach him, allowed God to take stronger possession of his entire being. There was a

broadening of his affections and his sensibilities, and above all, an enhanced response to God in and through nature. The verses composed during this period bear eloquent testimony not only to his detachment, the point which Fr. Bouyer underlines, but also to his widened and deepened sacramental sense of the universe, the effect which Fr. Bouyer attributes to the death of Newman's sister.

The full testing of Newman's spiritual life occurs, however, in the Catholic period. It is then that he meets the cross in the form of numerous trials and misunderstandings. That Newman was a holy priest, no one has ever denied. The question is whether his virtue was heroic, was his sanctity such that it is worthy to be stamped with the official seal of the Church. No one, to be sure, can decide that but the proper ecclesiastical authorities, but, in so far as it is permitted the faithful to speculate, without prejudice to the Church's final decision, Fr. Bouyer leaves no doubt where his judgment lies. It is squarely on the side of Newman's sanctity. That judgment has been made, indeed as it has to be made, after taking into account the evidence of the *Autobiographical Writings*, which seem at times like the lament of Job. "I will put myself under the image of the Patriarch Job," says Newman, "without intending to liken myself to him." Here is Fr. Bouyer's comment:

Is it only such hardy spirits as are by nature more or less inured or impervious to human sorrow, who are to be judged worthy of being honoured as saints? How are we to judge of sanctity if not by merit? Where, then, is the greater merit? In those whom an equilibrium easily acquired and readily retained preserves from suffering? Or in those who suffer, and suffer, some may deem, too bitterly? Admit that Newman had a morbidly sensitive temperament—well, then, if, notwithstanding his temperament, he was able to maintain an inflexible loyalty to duty, ought the price which that virtue cost him to increase, or to lessen his merit? The qualities that go to make a saint are not measured by his temperament; what he wrings from nature, nature that is rebellious in us all, by his obedience to grace—that is what makes the saint!

It is this obedience to grace, which Fr. Bouyer's account of Newman's catholic life portrays and develops.

This, in brief, is Fr. Bouyer's evaluation of the *Autobiographical Writings*. There are many who agree with his view, and the appearance of his work in English should add to their number.

Another view, however, has recently come into print, in an American magazine. Its appearance may cause surprise to those who recall the enthusiastic response in the United States evoked by an article in the periodical, *America*, in 1941, urging the introduction of Newman's cause for sanctity. Yet it need not, for Mgr. Fenton indirectly testifies to this American devotion to Newman by attacking what he considers its excesses. In an article entitled, "Some Newman Autobiographical Sketches and the Newman Legend,"<sup>1</sup> he develops the thesis that "in point of fact, the story of the poor, persecuted, and almost forgotten Newman is one of the least plausible fables that has managed to attach itself to the fabric of modern ecclesiastical history. . . . Objectively speaking, Newman had no cause whatsoever to complain about the treatment accorded him by the Catholic leaders or the Catholic public after his reception into the true Church."

It was to be expected that a view running contrary to the prevailing one, would evoke a reply. One was put forth by Fr. Joseph F. Beckman in an article, "Another View of Newman,"<sup>2</sup> in which he shows historically that there existed a very tangible objective provocation for Newman's attitude. Mgr. Fenton returned to the debate, in an article, "Newman's Complaints examined in the light of Priestly Spirituality,"<sup>3</sup> in which, on the basis of certain entries in the *Autobiographical Writings*, he passes several judgments on Newman, which if correct, would cast serious doubt upon Newman's virtue, notably his exercise of charity and obedience. Two entries in Newman's journal are so central to Mgr. Fenton's argument that they must be given here:

"Not understood"—this is the point. I have seen great wants which had to be supplied among Catholics, especially as regards education, and of course those who laboured under those wants, did not know their state—and did not see or understand the want at all—or what was the supply of the want, and felt no thankfulness at all, and no consideration towards a person who was doing something towards that supply, but rather thought him restless, or crotchety, or in some way or other what he should not be.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The American Ecclesiastical Review*, CXXXVI (June 1957), 394-410.

<sup>2</sup> *The American Ecclesiastical Review*, CXXXVIII (January 1958), 37-48.

<sup>3</sup> *The American Ecclesiastical Review*, CXXXVIII (January 1958), 49-65.

<sup>4</sup> *Autobiographical Writings*, p. 251, and quoted by Mgr. Fenton.



The second citation brings out the point more fully:

And Catholics in England, from their very blindness, cannot see that they are blind. To aim then at improving the condition, the status, of the Catholic body, by a careful survey of their argumentative basis, of their position relatively to the philosophy and the character of the day, by giving them juster views, by enlarging and refining their minds, in one word, by education, is (in their view) more than a superfluity or a hobby, it is an insult. It implies that they are deficient in material points. Now from first to last, education, in this large sense of the word, has been my line, and, over and above the disappointment it has caused as putting conversions comparatively in the background, and the offence it has given by insisting that there was room for improvement among Catholics, it has in two ways seriously annoyed the governing body here and at Rome:—at Rome on the side of the philosophy of polemics—I should wish to attempt to meet the great infidel &c. questions of the day, but both Propaganda and the Episcopate, doing nothing themselves, look with extreme jealousy on any one who attempts it, and, giving him no credit for what he does well, come down with severity on any point in which he may have slipped.<sup>1</sup>

On the basis of these and similar entries Mgr. Fenton says that Newman showed personal rancour “against ecclesiastical authorities in general, against certain individual prelates, against many of his brother priests, and against the Catholic population of England in general.” He further asserts that “no priest, not even a genius like John Henry Newman, has any really objective justification for complaint or resentment because he is not commissioned and not encouraged to proceed with projects that he may consider most beneficial to the faithful.”<sup>2</sup>

Before commenting on these views, I think it will be helpful to lay down and to illustrate certain principles by which the *Autobiographical Writings* ought to be judged. First, it must be borne in mind that the *Autobiographical Writings* are but one part of the evidence, and that they must be viewed in the larger perspective of Newman’s entire life. Were one to sketch a portrait of Newman’s personality from the journals alone, that portrait would be half-finished. How could one reconcile the cries of Job that at times ring out of the journals with the testimony of so many of Newman’s friends that he radiated cheerfulness like

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, 259, and quoted by Mgr. Fenton.

<sup>2</sup> *The American Ecclesiastical Review*, CXXXVIII (January 1958), 58.

sunshine, or with Fr. Denis Sheil's<sup>1</sup> statement to the present writer, that, when one spoke to the Cardinal, a delightful smile played about his mouth?

In evaluating the *Autobiographical Writings*, it seems essential to recall that they are, in large measure, a most intimate record not of his actions, or his spoken words or of his public utterances, but of his inmost thoughts and feelings. Many of the memoranda are marked *most private*. Some were meant only for God and himself. Now, it is a recognised psychological fact that, in moments of depression, a journal becomes a safety valve. If moral theologians, following St. Thomas, allow one, for the sake of unburdening and relieving the mind, to mention defects of others, even secrets, to a loyal and trusted friend, is it not legitimate to confine these to paper, especially when they are not meant for other eyes? Christ, in the garden, sought the human comfort of the Apostles, and who has given us a more intimate insight into Our Lord's soul in His passion than Newman in his sermon, "The Mental Sufferings of Our Lord in His Passion"?<sup>2</sup>

Newman speaks in the *Autobiographical Writings* with a frankness reserved for his most intimate friends, but how careful he was to maintain charity may be judged by a rather significant fact, recorded after his death. When Purcell's *Life of Manning* was published, the account of the strained relations between Newman and Manning—an account so damaging to Manning—came as a surprise to many of the members of the Birmingham Oratory. Newman apparently maintained such a discreet silence, that many of the Oratorians did not realise that distrustful relations had existed between them. Fr. Ryder, who thought Purcell's work unjust to Manning, wrote a paper, in which he gave a balanced account of the relations between Newman and Manning. In it he testifies both to Newman's care not to criticise Manning as well as to a strain of admiration for him:

On Newman's part I may be allowed to bear witness, for I have often heard him speak with admiration of Manning's preaching, especially of one particular sermon at the Synod of Oscott. The utmost criticism Newman ever allowed himself, so far as I know, even in private correspondence, was an expression of surprise that

<sup>1</sup> Fr. Denis Sheil, of the Birmingham Oratory, was a novice under Cardinal Newman.

<sup>2</sup> *Discourses to Mixed Congregations*, Sermon XVI.

"a high ecclesiastic and a theologian could write some sentences that Cardinal Manning has written" (Letter to Canon Jenkins, 2 December, 1875).<sup>1</sup>

Newman's silence was reflected in that of Fr. Ryder, who never intended his paper for publication, and "even the reading of it to a small body of friends," says his editor, "was a departure from the fixed habit of reticence which the writer always maintained in regard to the estrangement between Newman and Manning."<sup>2</sup>

Through these examples I have sought to indicate the care that must be exercised in judging the *Autobiographical Writings*. What then is to be said of the assertion that Newman was resentful against his superiors because he was not commissioned and encouraged to proceed with projects that he considered beneficial to the faithful? In a sense, Newman was so commissioned, but subsequently thwarted and not allowed to make the contribution which he could have made, had he had the support which he might legitimately have expected. The tasks were often extremely delicate ones, for which there existed no divinely revealed blueprint. One of the crying needs of the age was to meet the intellectual problems which were disturbing educated minds, both within and without the Church, by the impact on religion of numerous advances, whether in the field of the physical or historical sciences. Newman attempted to meet these problems in the *Prolegomena* to the proposed translation of the Scriptures, a project which had to be abandoned through Wiseman's mis-handling of the scheme. What strikes the reader of this episode in Newman's life is the loyalty with which he covers up and makes excuses for Wiseman to the American Bishops.

When Newman attempted the same sort of task in the editorship of the *Rambler*, "even his best friend among the Bishops, Dr. Ullathorne, had been so little alive to the value of the work," says Ward, as to dismiss Newman from the editorship after one issue. It will be recalled that Newman was reluctant to accept the position, but did so at Dr. Ullathorne's request. To have undertaken the position, was an act of generous self-sacrifice, for Newman knew he was exposing himself to the danger that some of the heterodoxy attached to the magazine might rub off on to

<sup>1</sup> Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder, "Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning*," *Essays*, edited by Francis Bacchus (Longmans, 1911), pp. 271-301; quotation, p. 282.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, vii.

him. A more worldly prudent individual would have declined. So, too, with the Oxford scheme. Though Newman was asked by his Bishop to open an oratory in Oxford, the project never materialised, as a result of the decision of higher superiors.

Here, then, are a number of instances in which Newman was asked by his superiors to put his hand to the plough but was called out of the field before he could turn up a furrow. And what was the result of these attempts to fulfil, in good faith, the will of God manifested to him? Though Newman was editor of the *Rambler* for only one issue, and though he had no subsequent connection with it, "all sorts of suspicions and calumnies," to use Newman's words, attended his name. Largely through Mgr. Talbot, his name was associated in Rome with the heterodoxy of the magazine. Though Newman was opposed to Catholics going to Oxford, he was charged by the opposite party with promoting the attendance of Catholics at Oxford. At this time, Mgr. Talbot considered Newman "the most dangerous man in England," and said of him, "I do not think he has ever acquired the Catholic instincts."<sup>1</sup> W. G. Ward warned Manning of the danger of speaking of Newman with sympathy because he thought Newman "was exercising a most powerful influence in favour of what is *in fact* (though he doesn't think so): (1) Disloyalty to the Vicar of Christ, and (2) Worldliness."<sup>2</sup> Manning wrote of Newman to Talbot, "I see much danger of an English Catholicism, of which Newman is the highest type. . . . It takes the line of deprecating exaggerations, foreign devotions, Ultramontaniam, anti-national sympathies. In one word, it is worldly Catholicism."<sup>3</sup>

Newman never refused a task he was requested by superiors to undertake, yet a number of these works were crushed in their initial stages, and brought with them a fresh dose of misunderstanding, suspicion and opposition. Newman would have to have been an exceptionally calloused individual not to have experienced a sense of frustration as well as of injustice when his good faith was rewarded with suspicion and mistrust on the part of higher authorities. Should one, then, judge this to be resentment and rancour against superiors, or is it not, in the words of Fr. Bouyer,

<sup>1</sup> Ward, *Life of Newman*, II, 147, and Edmund Purcell, *Life of Cardinal Manning*, II, 323.

<sup>2</sup> Purcell, *Life of Cardinal Manning*, II, 309.

<sup>3</sup> Purcell, *Life of Cardinal Manning*, II, 323.

"the sadness of one who was fain to offer his services for the furtherance of God's work and had seen them turned irremediably to naught"? Is it uncharitable to recognise and record in one's diary objective fact? Are superiors, because they represent God's will, exempted from human limitations and failings? Is it possible that superiors may misjudge their subjects, especially when the source of their information is a party who is evidently hostile to the one on whom they are reporting?

Fortunately, we have a general answer to these questions in the words of Pope Pius XII, that the authority of the Church "is alien to a totalitarianism that does not recognise nor permit an appeal to the commands of conscience."<sup>1</sup> For whom, if not for Newman, did the voice of God speak more directly than in the dictates of conscience? This delicacy of conscience is nowhere more brilliantly exemplified than in Newman's attitude toward taking up a second time the Oxford scheme. Newman was unwilling but Ullathorne persisted. Here is what Newman says in a letter to Emily Bowles:

I have already asked the Bishop about our collecting money [for the Oxford scheme]. You speak as if I were dawdling and losing time. So I should be if the work were one which *I* had chosen as God's work. But on the contrary, it has been *forced* on me against my will, and certainly, if not against my judgment, yet not with it, or my will would not be against it. It *would* be a great inconsistency in me to let six months pass and do nothing were I convinced it was the will of Providence,—but I do not feel this. I only go because I fear to be deaf to a Divine call, but, if anything happened in the six months to prevent it, that would be to me a sign that there never had been a Divine call. It is cowardice not to fight when you feel it to be your duty to fight, but, when you do not feel it is your duty, to fight is not bravery, but self will.<sup>2</sup>

Because Newman records in his journals that he received no "recognition in high quarters" but was grateful for the warm expressions of sympathy that he received in private, Mgr. Fenton concludes that Newman was inordinately desirous of praise and recognition. Newman was fond of the saying that: "Time is the great remedy and Avenger of all wrongs." It is not inconceivable that what Mgr. Fenton judges to be resentment against superiors

<sup>1</sup> Pius XII in his address before the Supreme Papal Court of Justice, 2 October 1945.

<sup>2</sup> Ward, *Life of Newman*, II, 128-29.



and inordinate desire of praise and recognition, may some day be authoritatively stamped as the heroic sufferings of a saint. "The recognition in high quarters" that Fr. Bouyer and others hope Newman will receive is nothing less than the Church's declaration of his sanctity. *Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem.*

## HEALING SYMBOLS IN KAFKA

By

HERBERT MUSURILLO

**M**AX BROD, one of the most vocal interpreters of the controversial stories of Franz Kafka, once compared the spirit of Kafka's work to the Book of Job. And indeed, even if this appears to be exaggerated praise, it remains true that there is, in some at least of his extant pieces, a kind of undercurrent of Old Testament symbolism. And this should not be surprising. Kafka was born in Prague of rather strict Jewish parents; in fact all his three sisters met their deaths in the Jewish concentration camp at Auschwitz during World War II. His own life had been brought to an abrupt close, just before his forty-first birthday, in a futile battle against tuberculosis, leaving much of his work unfinished and unpublished.

Some of Kafka's most important symbolism may be seen in a short story entitled *A Country Doctor*. First published in German in 1919, we may still find the story today in his so-called first octavo *Notebook*, written in his own hand perhaps during the winter of 1916-17, when he was only twenty-three. The focal point of the story, which unfolds with the usual Kafkaesque atmosphere of the nightmare, is the visit of a poor country doctor to a young boy dying of an incurable disease. And here we meet one of Kafka's greatest symbols, the disease of Sin and its healing. For as the doctor is forced by the rustic townspeople to lie down with the boy in order to cure him, we are reminded of stories of medicine men or shamans of primitive tribes who are reported to use just such methods of driving away the disease. But perhaps



closer to us is the cycle of stories connected with Elias and Eliseus in the third and fourth books of Kings. Elias, for example, in the third book of Kings (17: 17-24) takes the son of the widow of Sarephtha, lays him upon a bed, "and he stretched, and measured himself upon the child three times" (17: 21). A similar method of healing is told of Eliseus in the fourth book of Kings (4: 8-37), and a section of the story is used by the Church for the Epistle of the Lenten ferial Mass for the Thursday after Laetare Sunday. Eliseus goes to the child's cot, prays, and then, we are told, "he went up, and lay upon the child . . . and he bowed himself upon him, and the child's flesh grew warm" (4 Kings 4: 35). In the Lenten Liturgy this symbolic raising from the dead would seem to refer to the spiritual resurrection of the catechumens as they rise from the waters of baptism. And, as St. Augustine reminds us, Eliseus foreshadows Christ, the Suffering Servant, Who heals us by taking upon Himself the iniquity of us all. Even in the New Testament, as many of the Fathers have suggested, there is a subtle symbolic connection between the physical cures which Christ performs and the supernatural healing which flows from His Person. And it was only fitting that the apostles in their primitive *kerygma* should emphasise the Christ of the fourth Servant Song of Isaia (Is. 53: 1-12), Christ the leper, the scape-goat, by Whose bruises we are healed. In one of his most striking sermons St. Augustine develops the same symbol in the following way:

It is from sin, not physical disease that the human race suffers. Over the whole world, from west to east, a giant patient is stretched out. And to cure this giant patient, an almighty Doctor must come down from heaven, and, humbling Himself before mortal flesh, He goes as it were to the bed of His patient. And yet the patient's powerful friends spurn Him and say: He is an ignorant Doctor. . . . But do not say that the world was much better before than it is now; that we have seen many terrible things happening on this earth even since this Doctor began to practice. But do not be surprised at this: even the operating room of a surgeon shows no trace of blood until he starts working on his patient. . . . Go then to this Doctor, for now is the time to be healed. . . .

It is this sort of symbolism which, I feel, Kafka has, however obscurely, intended to suggest in *A Country Doctor*.

In Kafka's tale, the Doctor is made to tell the story himself

through the technique of the interior monologue; and all the other characters, the dying boy, his relatives, the Doctor's maid Rosa and the vicious servant, are all seen through his eyes. The actual narrative is extremely simple. Called out on an emergency night-call, the Country Doctor finds a wagon and horses supplied by a mysterious servant who, in return for his services, desires to take complete control of the Doctor's house and of his maid, Rosa. The Doctor, whipped off miraculously by the horses, sees nothing seriously wrong with the young boy and, distracted by the thought of the vicious servant left alone in his house, quickly prepares to leave. The sick boy's sister, however, makes him suddenly aware of a worm-infested wound in the boy's hip; and before the Doctor can protest, he is stripped of his clothing and forced into bed with the boy. Though he realises that the wound is mortal, the Doctor nonetheless tells the boy that his case is not serious, and at the first opportunity, dashes out on his horses, naked, into the wintry night.

To begin with, it would seem that the solution to this enigmatic tale must somehow be related to the two most vivid images in the Doctor's narrative: the sick boy's wound and the house besieged by the vicious servant. The Doctor's attention is constantly being drawn from one to the other; and the impression is that the plight of the maid Rosa in the deserted house is much more serious than that of the boy, whose sickness becomes so central for the story. Superficially the boy seems well; he is "only somewhat anaemic," says the Doctor; and yet he begs the Doctor, clinging to his neck, "Let me die." Though on the point of leaving, the Doctor is brought up short by the sight of a bloody towel which the boy's sister shows him. And then, like a revelation in a mystery, the Doctor sees the gaping wound, pink (and the German word is, again, *rosa*), crawling with vermin, gaping "like the opening of a mineshaft." Now the boy asks: "Will you save me?"—but soon the people of the village have come, and stripping the Doctor, put him into the boy's bed, with a mocking song:

Strip him: then will he heal;  
And, if he does not, kill him.  
He is only a doctor, only a doctor.

The sick boy upbraids the Doctor for making his bed narrower, but the Doctor replies:

"Yes, it's a disgrace. But I'm only a doctor. Believe me, it isn't easy for me either."

"Must I always be content with this excuse?" says the sick boy. "It was a fine wound I was born with: this was my complete endowment."

"My friend," says the Doctor, "your fault is that you have no vision. I have been in all the sick rooms far and wide and I tell you your wound is not so bad."

And after assuring the boy "on his word as a professional doctor," he dashes out into the snow, naked on one of the horses, his coat trailing on the ground. But the horses move too slowly; he feels he will never get home, as he hears the mocking voices of children singing:

Rejoice, patients!

The doctor is laid upon your bed.

But the Doctor himself is in despair: his maidservant is lost, he has come on a fool's errand; he will never recover his practice, which a successor is already stealing from him.

"Deceived, deceived!" he cries to himself; "once you follow the deceptive sound of the night-bell, you can never make it good again." And the story thus comes to a close with the old Doctor wandering slowly home, exposed to the wind and the cold.

And what can the meaning of this weird tale be? Despite the controversy that has grown up around it, it must be protested that each careful reader must be allowed to justify his own interpretation of the symbolic message. And in such cases, there is place only for dialogue, not for dogmatic pronouncement.

The central image of the story is clearly, it would seem, a symbol of salvation. The sick young man is in conflict; he looks well, but is mortally ill; he cries "Let me die" and then, later, "Will you save me?" This is clearly the cry of bewildered humanity, sick of a mortal wound. And who is the Doctor who is thus stripped and put into bed with the sick boy? I cannot escape the impression that the Doctor, on this level at least, represents the Messiah as Kafka pictured Him. He is shown the sight of a bloody towel by the devoted girl (an image of the Veronica story?) and then he is stripped in order that he may heal. Here the cry, "He is only a doctor," perhaps recalls the

taunt of the people of Nazareth: "Physician, cure thyself!" In any case, the stripping would seem to recall the Servant Song of Second Isaias (Is. 53): "by his bruises we are healed."

But he is only a doctor; and he recalls how much responsibility ignorant people lay on his shoulders; "the priest," he reminisces, "sits in his house and tears up his Mass vestments, one by one; but the doctor must do everything with his surgical hands." Here, on a different level, it would seem that the Doctor represents man's abandonment of religion for science as a solution to the problem of existence. The priest sits and tears up his vestments; for there is no one to come to the sacrifice; the spiritual has been forgotten.

But on the primary level, in the central image of the story, it would seem that the Doctor does represent Christ; it is He who takes on our humanity and is stripped that we might be healed. The rum that the father offers him, and the familiarity with which he treats him, suggests the full meaning of Christ's contact with men; finally, He must lay down with us, and then assure us, by His word that our wound is, after all slight, that healing will come if we but have Vision (*Überblick*), a transcendent glimpse of a world beyond the overheated room and stifling atmosphere.

But how can it be that this rose-coloured, crawling wound is not, after all, serious? The meaning of this can only be seen in the Doctor's pre-occupation with the fate of his servant Rosa. Her fate, and the cruelty and irrationality of the groom (the very servant who made possible the Doctor's visit), are symbols of a deeper evil. For if the boy's wound represents the common weakness of humanity, from which healing is possible, the groom must be a symbol of the darker forces of iniquity, the evil, malicious tendencies of the flesh which corrupt God's chosen ones, his innocent children. In the terror and flight of Rosa through the darkened house, as the Doctor is carried off towards the town, we see a vision of a kind of primeval fall, an unleashing of demonic powers which, in Kafka's view, are much more destructive than the simple ills the flesh is heir to. It is the moral conflict which is more serious than sickness and death; or, to put it another way, it is not the destructive force of the hydrogen bomb that is to be feared, in its devastating effect on man's body, so much as the evil maggot of corruption in his mind which would bring him

to use this weapon maliciously on his fellow man. Christ is called to heal the sick and raise the dead; but it is spiritual death which is much more to be feared in the world and it is this, if anything, that can obstruct His healing influence.

And yet, Kafka's conclusion is ambiguous. The Christ-figure of the Country Doctor disappears helplessly into the snow, naked and abandoned, crying "Deceived! Deceived!" Rosa, his faithful servant, is lost; the sick boy for whom he came out "in this unhappy age" is left to his fate. What is the meaning of this final symbol? The Doctor, here, is not the object of our scorn but rather of our pity. The fate of the human race is, it would seem, left hanging in doubt. Morally, at least, the game seems lost. It was useless, the Doctor reflects, to answer the sound of the night-bell. It is like the Good Friday *querimonia*: *Popule meus, quid feci tibi? aut in quo contristavi te? Responde mihi*. "My people, what have I done to you, in what have I offended you? What more could I have done for you that I did not do? Tell me." The Messiah who came out into the night to cure the patient returns with His mission frustrated: man has deceived him; the call should have been left unanswered.

But the meaning of the tale is not yet completely exhausted. For the centrality of the Doctor, his helplessness from the very beginning of his journey, his bewilderment, his inability to discover why he is at the mercy of his people, and the final, pathetic wandering at the end—all these details would suggest that there is yet another meaning hidden in the symbol of the Doctor. He is, indeed, Man—or, if you will, the Good Man—helpless between the conflict of Good and Evil, bewildered in his inability to comprehend the world and the people around him, alternately driven by obscure fears and altruistic desires. "It is easy to give a prescription; hard to get along with people," he reflects. He is Man torn between the formulae of his mind and the incomprehensible world that God has thrust him into. We are here, again, very close to the image of the Prison—a symbol that tends to recur in Kafka's stories as well as in his *Diaries*; Man is, as it were, locked in his cell, and waits only for God to release him and say "Let this man be kept no more. Let him come to Me." And yet, as Kafka tells us in his *Reflections on Sin, Suffering, Hope and the True Way*, it is the very transitoriness of the world which, in a sense, constitutes its most subtle form of seduction.



The figure of the Country Doctor, then, would seem to suggest three levels of symbolic meaning: he is Man, set in the context of the universe, searching for its meaning, searching for self-realisation; he is the Doctor, the epitome of nature's scientific progress, for whom the people have given up the Priest and the Mass, and from whom they expect too much; and lastly, he is a Christ-figure, a symbol of the descent of the Messiah into this world of wounded humanity and moral guilt. Thus the symbol represents mankind in all its tensions: in the false apotheosis of Science and the Messianic mission of Christ. And what is the solution? This Kafka seems to leave in doubt. The symbolic figure goes out into the night: "this way," he says, "I shall never get home." Here the Doctor himself seems to lack the very Vision which he prescribed for his sick patient.

It is perhaps typical of Kafka to end leaving the messianic Doctor-figure in an atmosphere of ambiguity and frustration. And yet, despite the apparent despair reflected at the end of this nightmarish tale, Kafka has already, I think, given us the prescription for Salvation, if we could be but allowed to translate it on the level of the realised eschatology of Christianity. And it is precisely this which makes his work so attractive to Christian readers: for the translation of the symbol can be made within new dimensions without destroying the original intention. We cannot help but read in the tale the symbol of the *Christus Medicus*. For to us the long sought for Healer has come in the wintry night; the Physician has indeed cured others without, in a sense, curing Himself. The faithful Servant promised by Isaias has already been led as a sheep to the slaughter; and the end is now near at hand. Like Lazarus we have been raised from the sleep of death. And His own death has told us that our sickness is not unto death; that the wound which seemed to gape like the very pit of hell is not, after all, beyond the art of healing—if we have but Vision. It is "by His bruises we are healed." Life is now within our grasp, for "he that believeth in me, although he be dead, shall live."



# THE CHURCH IN CAMBODIA

By

ANN STAFFORD

**I**N CAMBODIA, so they say, the murder rate is the lowest in the world. Some people will tell you that this is because the minds of the people are impregnated with the Buddhist teaching of non-violence; others say it is at least partly due to the prosaic fact that most Cambodians suffer horribly from worms. But the net result is a kind of happy inertia, a contented acceptance of things as they are, an unwillingness to be let in for any kind of exertion. Life is hard, yes, for rice is an exacting crop; but the earth is still rich. Fish seem to breed in every puddle, bananas and coconuts can be had for the picking; the frailest shelter of bamboo and thatch keeps off the heat of the sun and the worst of the rain; clothes are not needed for warmth. Why worry? If a man has enough, why should he want more?

But this content poses a problem. "These people," said a French priest with an eloquent shrug, "have not the faintest idea of the *need* for salvation."

A French mission has been here since 1755, succeeding the earlier Portuguese settlements. Yet today, the Cambodian Catholics number less than three thousand. And almost all of these are either direct descendents of the Portuguese traders who have been faithful for generations to the Church and still proudly bear names like Inez and Fernandez, or else converts who have intermarried with the French.

To the majority of Cambodians, the Church appears not only as alien and western, but as French, something identified in their minds with the French domination and unaccountably left behind when the French left. In a country discovering itself, in the first glow of nationalism, as the glorious Khmer people, whose ancestors built the amazing temples of Angkor, centre of the Khmer Empire, a faith which can be identified with

a western culture makes little appeal. The Khmer people, so Cambodians will tell you, are profoundly religious; the tranquillity of Buddhism perfectly expresses the national temperament; the country-side is thick with a mushroom growth of pagodas, and the villages and towns are bright with the saffron robes of bonzes going about to beg their food.

And the Catholic Church must indeed seem alien. As one leaves the brown-skinned crowds in the streets of Phnom Penh, the capital, and goes into a pseudo-Gothic or baroque style Church, it is the pink and whiteness of the plaster saints that strikes one. It comes as a shock, this whiteness of the uncompromisingly western figures, in a land where everyone is brown. But then, the Churches were built by the French for the French.

Then, too, in this small mission of about thirty priests, the majority are French and the others Vietnamese, which, as the Bishop told me, is almost worse; for the Vietnamese are an energetic minority in Cambodia and not a popular one. At long last, he said, a Cambodian is to be ordained, in the new, unfinished Cathedral. He is the first—and if only he could be the first of many, how much stronger the position of the Church would be.

When I asked the Bishop if the departure of the French had made many difficulties, he said that on the contrary, the position was easier than people had expected. The Buddhists are extremely tolerant and most courteous; the Government is appreciative of all that the Church is so readily doing for the people of Cambodia through her schools and through such good works as the Leper Colony at Kompong Cham.

But priests in the country districts have a hard, hard time. In the old days, there were always enough French administrators and military to make a reasonably good congregation, capable of supporting a priest. Now, round these churches, there are still groups of Catholics, mainly Vietnamese or Chinese. But they are very poor; it takes them all their time to give enough just to keep their priest's body and soul together, and that on a diet inadequate for Europeans.

As I listened, I remembered the tiny Church I had seen at Angkor, a town near the famous ruins of Angkor Wat. It was a small wooden building on stilts, the sanctuary decorated with three different kinds of wall-paper, gold on blue, on green, on red; there had been tinsel flowers heaped at the feet of Our Lady's

statue. I remembered the Vietnamese priest who said Mass and the obvious poverty of the tiny congregation clustered at his feet—a group of Vietnamese, with one or two Chinese, augmented by trippers come to see the famous Wat. I remembered how, in every village in which I had seen a church, the houses of the Christians are grouped round it—so often mere shelters of wattle and thatch. The people keep together, in one family; their priest is their Father who shares all their hardships. If he is Vietnamese, he is better able to live that austere and primitive life; but the European priest who tries to make do with that diet and those conditions is often hard put to it to survive.

In Phnom Penh, of course, it is very different. For Phnom Penh is a boom town, a typical French provincial town, laid out so prettily in boulevards and squares. Originally, it was intended for fifty thousand people; it now has ten times that number. Staffs of embassies and economic or cultural missions, technicians, experts, all of them create a terrific demand for consumer goods—radios, air-conditioners, cars, orangeade, and so on, and all the services needed to maintain them. At Mass, in the still unfinished Cathedral, you will see people from almost every nation in the world—except, perhaps, Cambodia!

For the Catholic Cambodians tend to congregate round the old Cathedral, on the outskirts of the town, near the river; it is now always called the Cambodian Church. And there, on a Sunday, you may find quite a good crowd, gathered a quarter of an hour early to say their prayers in Cambodian before the dialogue Mass. They are a composed, devout congregation; they have a certain tranquillity which is very attractive.

The Father who looks after them, a round and cheerful Frenchman, lives in a little wooden house on stilts, just like those of his moderately well-to-do parishioners; the poorer people live in paillottes, tiny dwellings of thatch and bamboo. He is extremely proud of his schools; he has seven hundred children in two schools, one for Cambodians, the other for the Vietnamese in his parish. He is pressed for money to improve these buildings—he could, he said, have twice as many children if only he had room for them, as there is a great demand for education in Cambodia and at present the state cannot meet the need. I was told there are two thousand teachers too few, and those there are have very inadequate qualifications. So the Catholic schools, which can prepare

bright pupils for entrance to the Lycée, are always crowded out.

When I went to see the schools, I found the shabby buildings simply packed; in the junior classes, the children had to sit on the floor, because there was no room on the benches. But then one has to remember that out here, benches and desks are a luxury. Nearly all the classes are taught by the Soeurs de La Providence, who have a convent just up the road, where they also run a smart school, with a kindergarten, which is so "bien vu" that it is attended by some royal children. Although there is only one Cambodian priest, there are a number of Cambodian sisters, all from families with a long Catholic tradition.

But there is a growing language problem; during the French domination, French was compulsory in all primary schools. So there was a good teaching language, readily understood, and one which came near enough to Latin for a congregation to have no difficulty in following the Mass in a French and Latin Missal. But now, all the elementary teaching is given in Cambodian; French remains as a second language for more advanced pupils; so there will soon be a generation knowing little or no French. Ideally, there should be translations of the Gospels and editions of the Missal with a parallel Cambodian text; but practically, this is almost impossible. For the Cambodian script is not romanised; it is tremendously involved, so that even if the language would say what needs to be said, any translation would take up so much space that an edition of the Gospels would be extremely bulky and expensive. All that can be done at present is to have the Credo and a few essential prayers printed in Cambodian.

Cambodian Catholics are proud of their faith; the priest took me into one or two of the houses—big wooden cabins on stilts, with a verandah on which much of the family life is lived; inside there is always one main room, with sleeping compartments beyond. And, because in the past to be a Christian has meant to be westernised, these are always furnished with wooden tables and chairs. In one house, belonging to a minor official, there was even a radio. But in all, it is the Shrine which has pride of place. This is either in honour of the Sacred Heart or of Our Lady. And the figure, whether it is that plaster cast representing the Sacred Heart, with which we are all so familiar, or a pink and white Mother and Child, is always set against a background of red and silver tinsel, and surrounded either with a strip of neon lighting

or with fairy lights, each bulb a different colour and each belonging to a particular member of the family. In one house, directly the lights were switched on, a galaxy of children gathered round, each pointing excitedly to his or her own "star." And here, morning and evening, the entire family assembles for prayer.

But the Church in Cambodia is not dealing only with the few Cambodian Catholics, and serving as best she can the non-Catholic population. She also has to meet the needs of the large Vietnamese minority, settled and working in the country. The Vietnamese are quick and clever, often employed in skilled trades—I had my glasses mended, for instance, by a Vietnamese optician! But they remain alien, with their own language, their own customs, paying a poll tax.

By the river Tonlé Sap, not far from the Cambodian Church, there is the Village Catholique—that amazing witness to the vitality of the Faith. It is a settlement of about 2,500 people, mostly Vietnamese, some Cambodians, a few Malays—and it is 100 per cent Catholic. In the grounds of the huge Vietnamese church here, there is a life-size statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, standing in a cement grotto, with a life-size Bernadette at her feet. At night, it is flood-lit, so that as you drive along the main road, you suddenly glimpse this shining vision, made more real because a crowd of vigorous and devout Vietnamese are kneeling behind the statue of Bernadette, holding up their rosaries, so that they seem to be praying with her, with all the incredible fervour of the Vietnamese.

They pack the church out not only at Mass on Sunday, but at Benediction on a Saturday evening; it is impossible to get in without a struggle!

Then, too, there are the Chinese Catholics. The Chinese are another problem minority in this country; nearly all the best trade is Chinese-run, and the Cambodians, now on the alert, naturally want to get at least some of it into their own hands. So eighteen trades have been officially closed to the Chinese. There are only about a thousand Chinese Catholics; and a few years ago, the Chinese Church, in the centre of Phnom Penh, counted for very little in the eyes of the Chinese community. There were only two or three hundred Catholics and a mere thirty or forty came to Mass on Sundays. But now, said the Father in charge of the Chinese, an exile himself from China, it is quite something



to belong to the Chinese Catholic community. There are perhaps three hundred Catholic families, and you have to push your way in to get a seat at Mass. He told me that one can positively feel the Holy Spirit at work; there is an unmistakable ferment in men's minds and more and more are being drawn to the Faith. He said that his lay catechists and the Legion of Mary do the most wonderful job; they reach people whom he, as priest, could never hope to contact, like one young cripple, once a Communist, now received into the Church and likely to be a most valiant champion.

The Chinese school which has just been built is of the utmost importance. This priest told me that through the teaching of sound moral principles and through the influence of teachers who really live their faith, he had seen the outlook of entire families change in a comparatively short time. For we are apt, he said, always to think of the influence of parents on their children and forget that the children may have a most effective influence on their parents! It is through these youngsters that the teaching and example of a beloved teacher, priest, layman or religious, penetrates into the homes, and, if it does nothing else, at least brings men and women to respect the Church and the principles for which she stands.

I asked him what he thought of the general outlook, and he was indomitably optimistic. The minds of men, he said, are turning towards God; he sees it not only among the Chinese but among the young Cambodians with whom he is in contact. Buddhism has given them a marvellous faith in God, but they are no longer so sure that it has all the answers; they are beginning to seek a world-wide faith which alone can oppose a world-wide materialism.

So he was deeply interested in news of the Catholic Enquiry Centre; he, too, finds that there are many people who want to know what the Church is and what the Faith means and who can be reached more easily by the printed word than by personal contact. But he is not content with all that he is doing for men's minds: he wants to open a dispensary to improve their health. Cambodian medical services are still primitive, though they are being rapidly extended, and more dispensaries are urgently needed and greatly appreciated. He is particularly anxious that people should realise that the Church cares for men's bodies as well as their souls.



"We must preach the mercy of God," he kept saying. "Preach it in deeds as well as in words. It is God's mercy that wins men's hearts." It is the fact of God's mercy, he told me, that makes such a tremendous impact on minds nurtured in Buddhism; one of his converts, he said, had burst into tears because at first she felt that a God who is so merciful is too good to be true!

Difficulties? Of course, he said, there were difficulties; the work was slow, the number of converts might seem depressingly few. What of it? Had Our Lord made a spectacular number of converts during His life? No. Why should we expect to do so?

"The Holy Spirit is hard at work," he kept saying. "We must co-operate with Him. For that, we need prayer. Often we poor priests cannot pray enough—that is why I like to think of the Benedictine monks at Kep and the Carmelite sisters by the Tonlé Sap who spend their days in prayer."

Kep is a small sea-side resort, where embassies have villas, where there is a once-French bungalow hotel, in which you can stay at enormous cost and look out over a fairy-tale bay, fringed with palm trees, dotted with islands which seem transparent as jewels when the sun is behind them. And if you walk along the shore, past the primitive huts of Malay fisherfolk, you come to a wooden gate with a cross over it. If you go on up the path, you come to a small wooden church with a steep thatched roof, and beyond, in the enclosure, a primitive monastery, housed in huts, built in the native style, out of the bamboo, the wood, the palm yielded by the forest.

And if you come at dusk, as I did, you can see a dozen or so black figures coming in all their Benedictine state to sing Vespers.

"We come to pray, not to make converts," said one of the Fathers when I talked to him in the little hut that served as a parlour. They are members of the Subiaco Congregation which has a house in Saigon, and the nine French Fathers and five Vietnamese monks keep the monastic rule in all its vigour; after Vespers, supper, then bed. At midnight, they rise for Matins and Lauds; they say Prime about four-thirty in the morning and the community Mass is about six-thirty.

They have only been there since 1952 and it is their great hope that one day this little monastery will have Cambodian and Vietnamese priests. After all, he said, a Buddhist country understands the value of contemplative prayer. Like the Buddhist monks

who take boys as pupils, these Benedictines accept students who are interested in the faith, and who might, perhaps, be considered as postulants. But a good many give up, for the life is hard.

When I asked what contact they were able to make with the people round them—mostly very poor people indeed, he said that the Fathers run a dispensary which functions every morning, and as there is no doctor near, all sorts of people come for treatment—even bonzes from the pagodas round about.

"We come here to pray," he insisted again as he saw me to the gate. "If the Holy Spirit sends us converts, that is good; if He does not, it is still good—we are here to pray."

So are the French and Belgian Sisters in the Carmel on the misty stretch of land between those two great rivers, the Tonlé Sap and the Mekong. Here, too, the Christian community, Malay fisherfolk and Vietnamese for the most part, live near the church—the one church I saw in Cambodia which depicts brown-skinned saints in its modern stained glass windows. The Carmel is just beside it, hidden by great trees. When I spoke to the Sub-Prioress, she told me that they had no lack of vocations—but again, the girls who come to them are nearly all Vietnamese. They are wonderful Sisters, she said; but they set that small community a problem, for all Vietnamese are subject to a poll tax, and though it is not very much, it weighs heavily upon them, for they are so poor. Once, she said sadly, there were five Carmels in Indo-China; now there are but two, the house in Saigon and the house in Phnom Penh. When the French domination ended she had been afraid they would have to leave; but now they are able to settle to their prayer in peace. And what fortitude it must take to stay, hidden away on that island, with practically no contact with the outside world, and pray; and go on steadfast in prayer in this land of uncertainties.

"*Enfin*," she said, "the Holy Spirit brought us here; He must look after us."

That little flock of Catholics in Cambodia is hedged about with difficulties and uncertainties; it is a minority so small that in terms of percentages, it is almost negligible: three thousand Cambodians and seven thousand Vietnamese and Chinese—what is that, in a population of five million or so? As the world reckons things, the labours of the missionaries who have devoted their lives to spreading the Faith since 1755 have yielded a poor harvest.

"But," said the valiant French bishop, who has spent twenty-five years in the Far East, "you must not reckon the influence of the Church by numbers or years, as if time counted with Almighty God."

The Church is rooted in Cambodia; her influence goes deep. What impressed me most, I think, about the priests and religious in this mission was their superb quality of hope, that hope which comes of a minute to minute dependence upon God. Over and over again, they would say: "We are here to pray," or, "we are here to preach the mercy of God." They are not concerned, as the world is, with getting results: they pray, they teach, they work among the poor and the sick; what happens as a result is not their business; it is a matter for the Holy Spirit.

## LAW OR THE STATE: THE FINAL ARBITER

By

JOHN MURRAY

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY has witnessed two grand experiments, the League of Nations and U.N.O., designed to encourage and insist upon the rule of law in international relations. It has witnessed also a close and growing collaboration among Western Powers of the democratic tradition and, on the Continent of Europe, efforts to transcend the National State through supranational organisations.

This principle of the rule of law is clearly stated in the preamble to the Covenant of the League of Nations, in which the High Contracting Powers agree that they will promote international co-operation:

By the firm establishment of the undertakings of *international law as the actual rule of conduct* among governments:

And by the *maintenance of justice and scrupulous respect for all treaty obligations* in the dealings of organised peoples with one another.

The same concepts reappear, though possibly with less insistent emphasis, in the preamble to the Charter of U.N.O. The objectives of the new international society include the following clauses:

To maintain international peace and security, and to that end . . . to bring about by peaceful means, and in conformity with the principles of justice and international law, adjustment or settlement of international disputes or situations which might lead to a breach of peace:

To develop friendly relations among nations based on respect for the principles of equal rights and self-determination of peoples, and to take other appropriate measures to strengthen universal peace.

This more recent background of ideal and effort provides a welcome setting for the English version of Friedrich Meinecke's classic work: *Die Idee der Staatsräson in der neueren Geschichte*.<sup>1</sup> This is a very detailed and learned study of the philosophy of the State which has gradually developed in modern times, and come to regard the State's interest as the highest principle both in domestic and also in international policy. It gathered momentum from the cultured cynicism of Machiavelli, passing through the age of Richelieu till it achieved its fullest and most dangerous expression in nineteenth-century Germany. England, France and Germany were affected by it in varying ways. The one country reasonably immune was Spain, whose outstanding political thinkers and jurists, like Vitoria and Suarez, belonged to the older conservative Scholastic tradition.

But let us begin with the author rather than the book. Meinecke who died in 1954 at the age of ninety-two was the doyen of German historians, a man of immense erudition and high prestige. Dismissed by the Nazis from his position as editor of the *Historische Zeitschrift*, he was honourably restored after 1945 as Rector of the Free University in Berlin. His experiences of the two wars and the Hitler régime had made him question his earlier views of German history, and in a short work, *Die deutsche Revolution*, issued in 1946, he insisted:

Our traditional picture of history, with which we grew up, now requires a fundamental revision, in order clearly to distinguish from each other its true and false values.

<sup>1</sup> *Machiavellism: The Doctrine of Raison d'État and its Place in Modern History*. Translated by Douglas Scott, with an introduction by Dr. W. Stark (Routledge 50s).

Elsewhere, he stressed the same message:

What we have lived through in the last fourteen years forces us to accept *entirely new perspectives and problems* in the evaluation of our past. We must relearn our history (*umlernen*) in many ways.<sup>1</sup>

Professor Gerhard Ritter wrote in a similar strain in *Geschichte als Bildungsmacht*:

Nowhere, after the great collapse of 1945, is reconstruction more urgently required in the German educational system than in historical teaching. The first and principal reason is that the entire foundation of instruction, our very picture of history, has suddenly fallen into uncertainty. For, after the shameful misuse of the finest ideals of German history, its honourable traditions as well as the belief in the nation and its future, what still remains firm of the historical and political convictions and the traditional values of German history? Perplexed and distracted, the Germans stand today at the grave of their past.

It is important to bear this change of approach in mind in examining Meinecke's work on *raison d'état*, for this was composed in the 1920's, prior to his experience of Nazism and the second war. Meinecke's opinions altered markedly after the publication of this book.

In his earlier period, his inspiration derived in the main from the pre-established harmony of Leibniz, the Olympic serenity of the later Goethe and Ranke's views on history, themselves fashioned under strong Hegelian influence. For Hegel all reality—and reality was always historical—was a manifestation of the universal Spirit. The State, however, was a higher spiritual manifestation, for instance, than the individual person and it was therefore his metaphysical superior. By a rigid logic of the Spirit, the individual was subordinated to the State. This, to my mind, was the most vicious note in the theory of *raison d'état*. Italians and Frenchmen, and others, had excused unethical action on the State's part by appealing to necessity and interest. German nineteenth-century philosophers took such action out of the ethical sphere and, treating it as an expression of the State, entirely justified it. They converted a doctrine of political expediency into a metaphysic of State behaviour.

<sup>1</sup> I contributed a fuller article on this subject to the June number of THE MONTH for 1956, entitled: "Retracing Steps: Germans Rethink Their History."



Ranke spoke of the State as a "divine idea" and Meinecke of its "greatness and moral dignity." In this period, Meinecke's position was determinist. The National State was a vital being, gradually unfolding its powers and resources. It grew by self-assertion, by the development of its will to power. *Realpolitik* was therefore the only suitable form of politics. Hegel had been its prophet, Ranke its interpreter and Bismarck its executant. To these he opposed the older Scholastic doctrine of *lex naturalis* and its more secular formulation in the writings of Grotius. His assessment of Grotius is worth recalling.

And so Grotius constructed his system of international law, just as if there did not exist any such thing as *raison d'état*, or any constraining force tending to push States over the frontiers of morality and law; just as if it were possible altogether to confine the behaviour of States to one another within legal and moral bounds. In the process, he mingled law and morality together promiscuously at every step. But standing behind all this were his own view of life and his own personality, which was altogether noble, gentle and full of human feeling. He built up his ideas of the State on the foundation of a belief in humanity, a belief in the sociable and altruistic impulses of men, and a belief especially in the solidarity of the Christian peoples. In him, the old traditions of the *Corpus Christianum* were already passing over into the modern civil and liberal ideals of life, infused with feeling, such as were now capable of developing amongst the Dutch commercial aristocracy.

It is worth noting that the principles of the League of Nations and U.N.O. are a return to those of the *lex naturalis* and Grotius, away from the *raison d'état*.

Yet, behind the interplay of national forces and this continual expression of national vigour through the State, Ranke and Meinecke envisaged a kind of historical providence which in the final resort brought a pattern out of the mingled light and shadow and created an ultimate harmony: an optimistic judgment for which their idealistic Monism was in the main responsible.

Meinecke's second period was ushered in by German defeat in 1918. Gone the cheerful optimism of earlier days; gone the sense of an overriding historical providence. Instead, tension is stressed, not harmony. Human experience is seen as a conflict between opposing factors: freedom against necessity, man against destiny, ideas and spirit in the face of power. His outlook



now approximates to that of the later period of Max Scheler, who regarded human development as a struggle between the spirit of man and the *Machtfaktoren*, in which the spirit can operate only through the channels which the *Machtfaktoren* allow. To some extent, he breaks with his master. In a conference delivered to the Prussian Academy of Sciences on the fiftieth anniversary of Ranke's death, Meinecke suggested that Ranke had not sufficiently understood "the momentous problem of Natural Theology, namely the existence of evil in the world." His work, *Die Entstehung des Historismus*, issued in 1936, is pessimistic. Yet in it he returns to the notion, all too familiar to the modern German mind, that opposing elements are only thesis and antithesis in a vast cosmic process, capable of resolution (and also preservation) in some higher and fuller synthesis.

Polarity [he writes] determines not only the development of the spiritual life of the West as a whole, but also the life of the different nations in themselves. Every nation bears in itself polarities of its own character, contradictory tendencies . . . scales, as it were, which swing up and down. . . . Even that which perishes in this dialectical development will never perish completely, but continue to act "in suspension."<sup>1</sup>

The theme of this work on *raison d'état* is the struggle between law and morality in political action and this *raison d'état*. Christian teaching always maintained that, since all authority derived from God, it had to be exercised according to the *lex naturalis* and God's will. In medieval eyes, the ruler was subject both to God and to the law. This double restriction became obnoxious to the Renaissance ruler.

The doctrine of *raison d'état* is usually fathered on Machiavelli who certainly made use of it in his writings. Yet Machiavelli did not repudiate ethics altogether; he was Latin enough not to erect it into a metaphysic of the State. The nearest he came to this was in his notion of a *virtù* in the State, a *forza vitale* that must be permitted its full expression. His argument was that the ruler ought to behave ethically but, should State interests call for a policy that ran counter to ethical principles, he should have the courage to act immorally.

The more conservative view regained much ground during the Counter-Reformation and with the influence of the great

<sup>1</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. xli.

Scholastic authors, though it was accompanied by a modified and chastened theory of *ragione di stato*, as worked out by Botero and Boccalini. It was reinforced by the *Aufklärung*, which had its secularised version of a *lex naturalis*, and called for a State policy based on the dictates of reason. This was a vital point at issue in the struggles in France between Autocracy and the Enlightenment.

Meanwhile, Richelieu and Frederick the Great had established France and Prussia as highly centralised States, the basis of whose operation was *raison d'état*. Meinecke devotes a lengthy chapter to Frederick the Great and traces his evolution from *premier domestique du peuple*, as he styled himself, to *premier ministre de l'État*. It was the passage from a paternal status *vis à vis* his subjects and from a humanitarian and ethical conception of monarchy to that of *raison d'état* and *Realpolitik*.<sup>1</sup>

Hegel and Fichte wrote under the stress of repeated French invasions of Germany and the struggles for German survival and rebirth. Each in his way contributed to the growth of a Prussian and later German nationalism, and Hegel in particular to an idealisation of the State. There were individual Germans who opposed and feared these developments, and Catholic Germany was far less affected by it than the Lutheran North. The marriage of a State idealised and a *Volksgeist* proved dangerous and in the end catastrophic. Professor von Rantzau has pointed out how this German conception of the State, with its vague and popular pantheistic associations, was indeed disastrous.

It is well known [he writes] and has been emphasised by such far-sighted observers as Ernest Renan and Dostoievky, in their critique of culture, that German nationalism, like the Slav nationalism derived from it, is a different and more dangerous movement than Western nationalism because it has its roots in the naturalistic soil of speech and folk. For such nationalism leads to cultural isolation and finally to the claim of biological superiority, while Western nationalism is essentially founded upon the political conception of the sovereignty of the people.

One of the objects of Meinecke's book is to demonstrate that the Germans were not alone in their use of *ragione di stato*. That

<sup>1</sup> Richard Hiscocks, in *Democracy in Western Germany*, published in 1957, makes the pertinent comment that the influence of Frederick and Bismarck in Germany was all the more sinister since they were men, not only of ability but of unusual intellectual power, character and personal charm.

is, of course, true enough. But it was the Germans who took it out of the realm of practical politics into the cloudy sphere of idealism and metaphysics and hedged it round with a divinity of its own. Yet, it would be quite unfair to equate this doctrine with brute, material force, and nothing more. No two men were quoted more frequently during the First World War as representative of German power-philosophy than Nietzsche and von Treitschke. But in Nietzsche's eyes, the State as an institution was the "cold monster." Even von Treitschke who did assert that "in the first place, the second place, and the third place, the essence of the State is power," confessed himself horrified by the consequences of the Machiavellian doctrine. "The frightful thing about his (Machiavelli's) teaching is not the immorality of the methods he recommends but the emptiness of the State which exists only to exist. Hardly a word is said about the moral purposes of rule, which are the only things that justify this hard-won power."<sup>1</sup>

One of the most encouraging features in post-war Germany has been the critical attitude adopted towards earlier nationalism, indeed it might be termed a positive revulsion. This has given great impetus to the movement for closer integration with other Western European countries—a movement that has been stronger in Germany than anywhere else. Underlying it is the feeling—touched with a sense of past guilt and present responsibility—for more objective values and a return to an older European tradition. Once again, it is a return to Grotius and, indirectly, to the *Corpus Christianum*, away from the subjective thinking of Hegel and Fichte. Meinecke's book is not only an outstanding study of one of the gravest problems of political thought and policy. It is a very timely warning and recommendation.

<sup>1</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 399.

# ART EDUCATION TODAY<sup>1</sup>

By

HEW LORIMER

THE FIRST public School of Art in Scotland was the Royal Scottish Academy school, but that, regrettably as I think, was soon merged in the Edinburgh College. These Colleges have a chequered history and were founded to train men and women who, it was hoped, would be absorbed into industry and improve the standard of industrial design. This hope never really had a chance of fulfilment, as only the merest trickle of students has ever found its way into industry. Of recent years these great and costly establishments have become, in the main, training grounds for the great army (the "monstrous regiment," as I suspect John Knox would have called it) of art teachers required for the immensely expanded machine of modern, total, compulsory education. The notion of the compulsory teaching and still more of learning *art*, of all things, is a bit comic, but there it is.

I studied at one of them for years, and have taught at another. Considering the money spent on building, equipping and maintaining them, considering the great amount of goodwill, thought, energy and devotion that goes into their organisation and teaching the results seem (apart from the production of teachers) disappointingly small. True, the exhibition of students' work at the end of each year can be impressive, but then given good guidance you and I could produce some remarkable blooms in a hot-house—particularly if we did not have to pay for the heating! What I mean is this: these boys and girls come almost entirely from schools staffed by teachers lately students at these art schools: a small, artificial and circumscribed world. All, both teachers and pupils, have been brought up in homes which, whether Catholic, Protestant, or simply agnostic, have been strongly affected by the

<sup>1</sup> This article is the substance of a talk given to the Catholic Social Workers Guild Summer School held at St. Andrews.

prevailing climate of thought, habit and tradition, which consists of a more or less intense mixture of puritanism, philistinism, sentimentality, all contained within a thick husk of materialism. This is the background of all of us. Time and again it was brought home to me that the strength of the home and of the under-environment was such that the student was torn between it and this little artificial world of art into which he was absorbed as soon as he crossed the threshold of his art school. The ordinary wage-earning or salaried parent so often simply cannot *take* the new notions that his offspring brings back from his little world—and no wonder! For the character of contemporary art is the creation of certain small cultural groups: the teachers, secured by their exacting labours of teaching from the need to live by the sale of the works of art that they make: the dealers, whose business it is to know what will sell once the critics have finished bewildering the public, through the press, and have adopted their candidates for success and fame. Also, the dealers must keep up their stock, must they not!

To this salad has been added lately a further ingredient, "the mind" of the Arts Council, and this is kept pretty fully and negatively occupied maintaining an identity distinct from the Academic on the one hand and the sheer artistic licence which is the happy hunting-ground of the dealers, on the other. The result is that the gulf grows ever wider between this unreality and what the mind of the ordinary decent Scottish home can take. But whatever kind of art was produced today, apart from the trifling interest in the arts occasionally evinced by the churches, by Government bodies, public bodies, or the rare industrial undertaking gambling on winning a kind of prestige—or the rare eccentric individual, thanks to which a handful of artists make a living—there simply is not, and in an ever more highly industrialised society there never can be, anything like the scale of demand, or the kind of demand, essential to the resurgence of any normal, valuable, respected social group of artists and craftsmen such as has usually existed in past ages. What *should*, in my view, be said for the Colleges of Art is that they do supply certain facilities which are today extremely difficult and prohibitively expensive for individuals to provide for themselves: for example, the indispensable study "from the life," as it is called, and the incomparable opportunity it gives of developing the ability to draw, paint,



sculpt, not to mention the bearing human proportions *should* have on the study of architecture. Then there is the expensive equipment and books, studios properly lit, community, and the stimulus of competition and rivalry. But much of the potential value of these things is vitiated by that which has become the prime motive for the whole set-up: the passing of tests and examinations to gain a teaching diploma, a qualification which, given average competence and reasonable behaviour, is seldom withheld from anyone who stays the course.

I have not felt it necessary to deal specifically with the fruits of art teaching in the primary and secondary schools, but I would like to say this of the compulsory system: that however meagre the visible results may be, the fact remains that, in the modern world, only thus can hundreds of thousands of children be brought at the impressionable age into contact with the world of form and colour. They are encouraged to *think* about the sheer appearance of things, of God-made things, and "to draw a line round their thinks." And at the other end of the ladder, I cannot believe that any student can leave a school of art without being at least a little more aware of the immaterial world than he or she would otherwise have been. While it may be disappointing how superficial an interest the average art student takes in the great amount and quality of food for the mind set before him, and available today through the marvels of modern reproduction and extremely intelligent and lively research, one must on no account blame him or his teachers or even the system for what is the fault of the age in which he has happened to be born. For the fault lies, I have no doubt, in the overwhelming materialism of the western world, which has almost entirely obscured that realm from which all great art has had its origin.

What is this realm? The source, the kernel of it, is certainly the realm, the infinite realm, of the spirit. The creative spirit, with whom we are in a real though humble sense co-operators in so far as our work is creative, and almost all productive work can be creative to a certain extent. But this creative spirit does not simply lavish great works of art on the just and the unjust. What then are the preconditions which have in the past proved to be the necessary climate for its fruitfulness through the works of man? They are, I believe, though doubtless under some new guise, as necessary in this age and more difficult to attain than ever.



First of all, there must be men and women with the character and temperament that will make this creative life, which is painful and exacting yet engrossing, involving as it does great discipline and endurance of heart and mind and body, make it seem *worth while*, worth the sacrifice of security and easy rewards.

What about talents? Well, my belief is that there is never a scarcity of potential talent. The much rarer thing is the providential coincidence of the other preconditions, cultural and social, in which talent can really develop and flower to the full.

A great deal of nonsense has been talked and written about man's fundamental "will to form," but the question "What?" is invariably left unanswered, and this question of "What?" brings me to the next necessary precondition: the Patron—some pre-eminent personal authority of a calibre such that the artist can believe it to be the embodiment, or at least the divinely sanctioned trustee, of the spiritual and temporal values of the age, and which is acceptable to guide his activities and to bring within his scope food for the inspiration of his mind and imagination. To illustrate it with an extremely simple example: you know the child's appeal to its parent: "Mummy, I want to make something; what shall I make?" The equivalent in the adult world to the mother is the Patron. There is, I know, a habit of pillorying the Patron. Michelangelo is often cited as an example of a great genius whose whole creative life was bedevilled by Patrons bent entirely on harnessing his genius to their own ambitions. These people do not stop to reflect that without patronage Michelangelo might never have functioned as an artist at all. The truth is, of course, that the ideal patron is as rare as the ideal anything else. But even inadequate individual patronage from the only adequate source is infinitely better than the non-existence of patronage we suffer from today, and it is remarkable the way in which genius can surmount the inadequacies of its patrons. It is the absence of it the artist cannot surmount. Because patronage means *personal demand*, and personal demand is essential. The artist, if he is to develop fully, must feel his products to be indispensable to others, he must feel needed. But how, it is often asked, can his products be considered as necessities? How, indeed, in such a society as ours!

In answering this question, I am not going to venture into the marshy psychiatric lands where what is necessary or desirable in man's environment is discussed, whether works of art are necessary

or unnecessary, corrupting or nourishing to the mind. No, I am going to ask you, as Catholics (for I imagine that you are mostly that) a simple question. Considering the quality proper to the fabric of *our* churches, are the services of the architect, sculptor and painter necessary? The answer, the constant answer of the Church throughout the ages has been, Yes. The House of God must be as beautiful as we can make it: that has always been the principle. Economic circumstances or other adversities, or our ignorance or indifference, may prevent or obscure it. You may say, well, what of it? It is just one of those pretentious platitudes—look at most of our churches! Quite. But look at our churches built and embellished when the set-up *was* as it should be, as it *has been* in every great age of artistic achievement, when everything from the greatest temple, basilica or palace to the most trifling child's toy or object of daily use bears the hallmark of the transforming spirit. Moreover, I believe, improbable as it may seem, that, if we are ever to get these things right again, it has somehow got to come through the body Catholic.

This, then, I believe to be the pattern, but the indispensable sap that gives that pattern the life and strength to bear fruit in beauty is quite simply Love, and the mechanism which gives it continuity in time, called Tradition, is dependent on it, for tradition means a giving over from one generation to another, from one individual to another, and as there is no true giving without love, there can be no true tradition without it.

It was with a start, almost a shock of delighted surprise, that I read a few years ago in *Landscape into Art*, by that great scholar and critic Sir Kenneth Clark, his analysis of the ingredients of a great work of art. In spite of masterly analysis, the essential ingredient still eluded this penetrating mind, until he perceived, and, agnostic as he, I imagine, is, had the courage to state and put into print his conviction that this elusive essence is Love.

Now do not please dismiss all this as a hopeless, unrealisable dream. Do not imagine I think it remotely possible to achieve this pattern in the foreseeable future. I do not. But I am profoundly convinced that we shall never arrive at a true understanding of the problem unless we clear our minds of modernist cant and face the facts of the dilemma we are in. Only then can we hope to take the first steps towards solution of it and a return to sanity.

## REVIEWS

### SPIRITUAL READING, 1958<sup>1</sup>

*Little Steps to Great Holiness: Conferences for Religious*, by Charles Hugo Doyle (Sands 15s).

*Striving for Perfection: The Fundamental Obligations of the Religious State*, by L. Colin, C.S.S.R. (Sands 16s).

*Love the Lord Thy God*, by L. Colin, C.S.S.R. (Sands 16s).

*Holiness*, by A. M. Carré, O.P. (Blackfriars Publications 3s 6d).

*The Virtue of Love: Meditations*, by Paul de Jaegher, S.J. (Clonmore and Reynolds 12s 6d).

*Alone with God: Meditations for a Retreat*, by Stephen Brown, S.J. (Herder 24s).

*Prayer in Practice*, by Romano Guardini (Burns and Oates 10s 6d).

*Approach to Penance*, by Hubert van Zeller, O.S.B. (Sheed and Ward 7s 6d).

*The Sacrifice of Praise: An Introduction to the Meaning and Use of the Divine Office*, by Vilma G. Little (Longmans 10s 6d).

*The Liturgy of the Mass*, by Pius Parsch. Third Edition. Translated and adapted by the Rev. H. E. Winstone, M.A. (Herder 25s).

IN ONE of the "conferences" in *Little Steps to Great Holiness* (a most uninspired and uninspiring title—as though the book were a religious *Eric* in reverse!) Fr. Doyle says: "Isn't it strange how from time to time we are deluged with books on the same topic?" We might say that the Catholic reading-public are deluged these days by a flood of spiritual literature identical in origin and format—notes of sermons, conferences and retreat-meditations "written up" and "arranged" for publication (the first six books here reviewed belong to this genre) with varying degrees of success.

It is perhaps inevitable that this should be so. No sooner is a competent sermon heard or a helpful conference delivered than someone will say, "Father, you ought to publish that"; and it is not unknown for popular preachers, even today, to have their amanuenses (self-appointed), who devotedly take down every word. It must be admitted that many of the sermons of the great Fathers of the Church must have been preserved for us through the enthusiasm of their hearers. It is true, also, that if "faith comes from hearing, and hearing through Christ's word" (Rom. x, 17), the natural mode of announcing Christ's word will usually be, in the first instance, vocal; and what more natural than that the printed word should follow? We cannot help remarking,

<sup>1</sup> These ten books have been selected as fairly representative of the spiritual literature offered for review during the past six months or so.

however, that "spiritual reading" in its origins in the Church, referred almost exclusively to Holy Scripture (*lectio divina*). This is the word that must be the staple food of the interior life; and all other spiritual writing whose object is to teach perfection and holiness, that "perfect manhood, that maturity which is proportioned to the completed growth of Christ," is valuable only in so far as it draws its inspiration from Scripture and Tradition and sheds this reflected light upon Christ as He has revealed Himself to us, in the Scriptures and in the Church.

The collection of conferences entitled *Little Steps to Great Holiness* is, it must be said, an excellent example of the genre. Fr. Doyle clearly "composes" his exhortations with great care and with a feeling for the true shape of an essay. He has a penchant for exploring the less well-known and more spiritually difficult sections of the Old Testament, the historical books, and he is not afraid to fly in the faces of modern exegetes, resorting firmly to the "moral" meaning as teaching the basic truths of religious life. Thus the history of Saul is used to describe and emphasise the defects of Religious in authority, and their remedies; and his exposition of an episode from IV Kings encourages his readers how to cope with the apparently impossible ideal of perfection.

It is a curious fact that religious groups—whether congregations or communities—take more kindly to criticism *spoken* in the "family circle"; in such an atmosphere one expects that the dangers and difficulties will receive more attention than the glories and wonders of the Christian life. But to read of one's defects, shortcomings and temptations (which become one's very own—not shared, as they are in a homogeneous group when *listening*) *en masse*, tends to depress rather than to quicken. Books of this sort have only an artificial unity; they cannot be read more than a chapter at a time.

Fr. Colin's two works, *Striving for Perfection* and *Love the Lord Thy God*, do not seem to have first seen the light as courses of sermons or conferences; but they have great affinities with the genre, as a glance at the chapter-headings will show. In neither book does he lay claim to be writing a treatise; and he says of *Love the Lord Thy God*:

This book makes no claim to originality in either matter or manner. It is hardly more than a commentary, and sometimes a paraphrase of, the pertinent writings of the learned Thomas Aquinas and Alphonsus Liguori, Francis de Sales and John of the Cross. The writer is the humble follower of such masters, a populariser of their thought. . . .

Naturally enough, he leans very heavily on St. Francis de Sales's *Of The Love of God*. But it is hard to follow Fr. Colin in his distinctions between love and charity; and hard to see the precise meaning which he attaches to charity. He defines it as "a disinterested love of God," and at once

we are in the world of the Schoolmen, of semi-Quietist disputes, and of distinctions between "love of benevolence" and "love of concupiscence." Is gratitude integral to charity, or merely preparatory to it—as Fr. Colin seems to think? Supernaturally, is it not because we have received Charity, that we can *want* God at all? And is not loving God "solely because thou art *my* God" (to use the words attributed to the mystic St. Francis Xavier) a supreme act of charity, yet interested and disinterested at the same time? These are important *practical* questions, to which it is hard to find an answer in these pages. However, Fr. Colin also says: "A theologic (*sic*—the translator more than once prefers to coin a word rather than use customary theological language) virtue, charity is a sort of divine heart fashioned within us by the Spirit of Love, which beats in unison with God's heart." But such phrases, in spite of their beauty, appear extravaganzas unless related to a scriptural context. This one would seem to owe its origin to I John 4, 9-10—the revelation of God's love is His Son as *sent*, the love "which resides, not in our showing any love for God, but in His showing love for us first." In this vital text is the beginning of our understanding of charity; but Fr. Colin never cites it.

*Striving for Perfection* is written specifically for Religious. But all that the author has to say applies *mutatis mutandis* to every Christian who is in earnest about loving Our Lord. Whoever wishes to "live interiorly with God" will find Fr. Colin's chapters on Chastity and Virginity of Conscience particularly helpful. We would have liked to see more stress laid on the power of the Holy Spirit—given to us to effect our sanctification. Without a constant return to this truth, we are so easily discouraged.

The "blurb" on the cover of *Holiness* says that it is "a book on personal sanctity written for lay people." This is misleading, as "blurbs" so often are. We are presented with a course of six excellent sermons on Sanctity which was preached in a particular setting and to a very "specialist audience"—the fervent students of the *Grandes Ecoles* who took part in the pilgrimage to Chartres in Lent 1955. The sermons are not progressive, in the sense that one leads into the other, but each is complete in itself. The best is the last, entitled "Fear of Sanctity." But like most *ad hoc* sermons, they appear rather "thin" in print.

The format of the *Virtue of Love* will be familiar to all those who have used those innumerable books which owe their existence to the "Ignatian" method. Here again the "blurb" is misleading: "... the author sets up with great vividness the preludes or visualisation of scene." It is the first prelude only which deals with "seeing the place"; nor is there anything particularly vivid about Fr. de Jaegher's "setting up" of this visualisation. Quite the reverse, in fact. Those who are familiar with other works of the author, *The Virtue of Trust* and *One*



with Jesus, will recall that his constant theme is the life of identification with Christ and the approaches to contemplative prayer in the strict sense. Here, we feel, the "preludes" and "points" of his meditations are intended merely as a familiar scaffolding for prayer: and those who find themselves able to keep pace with his thought and affections will scarcely note the "points and preludes." But Fr. de Jaegher's style of writing is not one that appeals to every English reader.

Fr. Stephen Brown's *Alone with God* is what one might term the old-fashioned commentary on the *Spiritual Exercises*. It is, we suspect, almost entirely the fruits of his own experience in praying and giving the *Spiritual Exercises*. His references for further reading indicate that his masters are the leading writers of the Victorian era—Cardinal Newman, Bishop Hedley and Fr. Faber—all of whom may be said to be coming into their own as Masters of the Spiritual Life, abroad, if not at home. Hence, those who are looking for some account of recent research into and development in the understanding of the *Exercises* must look elsewhere. One regrets that Fr. Brown has so little to say about the fourth week, the Risen Life of Christ.

Mgr. Guardini definitely belongs to the modern generation. Yet it is remarkable how he and Fr. Brown agree on the vexed subject of prayer, on the necessity for order, discipline and work, thorough preparation and the only real key—habitual recollection (or *collectedness*, as Guardini's translator prefers to say). It is stimulating to find Mgr. Guardini insisting that real prayer to Christ consists "in dwelling in the relationship which He has established," and that all our prayer must be a seeking of the face of God.

*Approach to Penance* is a miniature treatise on the true meaning of penitence and penitential, the true *spirit* of penance, the persevering attitude of turning and (more important) of being turned to God; of turning to Him rather than away from other things, of suffering rather than doing, of accepting rather than giving up. "All things considered," concludes Dom Hubert, "the best approach to penance is through the Mass": which is the perfect summing-up. For he tries to show, and with a great measure of success, that penance must mean our identification with Christ's sacrificial love, our offering in His offering.

*The Sacrifice of Praise* can be suggested as most desirable (and even necessary) spiritual reading for all those obliged to recite the Divine Office—and this should be taken to include the Office of Our Lady. There is a mass of fascinating detail in this little book, all admirably compressed and set out in manageable proportions for the benefit of the non-specialist. Historical structure, analysis and practical hints all have their appointed place; and what the author has to say of the Psalter is most illuminating. It should help many harassed Religious



and Priests to come closer to the Church's ideal of "worthy, attentive and devout" recitation.

The interior life depends for its very existence on the "dear memorial of that death which still survives and gives us breath." "If we love the liturgy," says Fr. Parsch, "we will set ourselves with all eagerness to gain a wider and deeper understanding of this most sacred mystery, the Lord's Supper, and make it the focal centre of the whole of our spiritual life." *The Liturgy of the Mass* is perhaps the best book of its kind in English. The purpose of spiritual reading must always be growth in Christ, to have the mind of Him who humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death; to know and to live Christ's Sacrifice.

JAMES WALSH

### THE F. O.

*The "Office": A Study of British Foreign Policy and its Makers, 1919-1951,* by John Connell (Allan Wingate 25s).

AS ONE who had at any rate a walking-on part on the stage in those far-off days, I have often wondered, in pondering over the political events which led up to the Second World War, just how it happened. In reading accounts today of the proceedings in and out of Parliament at that time, one often has a baffled feeling that something is missing. That, one says, in broad outline is certainly what happened: but it was not like that. And the difference lies in the inevitable omission of the personal element. A speech may be delivered which in itself is of the utmost importance, but its effect on the House will depend, not necessarily upon its intrinsic merits, but upon who made it and how. In fact it might in truth be said that in a popular assembly it is personality alone that counts. It is this point of view which makes Mr. Connell's survey one of outstanding liveliness and interest. Not only is he well acquainted with most of the personalities with whom he deals, but, whether he likes or dislikes them, he can sketch their portraits with an equal sympathy and an elegant turn of wit which is eminently refreshing. Of Sir Anthony Eden, for example, who is not among his favourites, he says: "He was a Hamlet who was called upon to play Henry V, and like Hamlet he was noble and ill-starred." Elsewhere he speaks of Mr. Philip Noel-Baker's "anxious good looks" (a perfect phrase); and this of Dr. Dalton: "He was tall and gustily cheerful . . . he smiled much and had a loud laugh." "Many," he adds, "found it difficult to believe that he was sincere." Among the Foreign Secretaries of his chosen period Mr. Connell has a predilection, which I for one am unable to share, for Ernest Bevin. For the rest, the work of Simon and Hoare receives a sympathetic assessment which in both cases is overdue.

Mr. Connell's touch, however, is no less sure when he is dealing with the wider political issues of that tormented epoch: the so-called new diplomacy starting under the deadly handicap of a Press "whose vigilance, inquisitiveness and desire to dominate were in inverse ratio to its knowledge and understanding of the issues involved": and in consequence of this, the general public's new-found interest in foreign affairs which could at any given moment be "whipped up into a state of . . . semi-hysteria," and, as if these two mill-stones round its neck were not enough, an opposition, pacifists to a man and howling for disarmament, while at the same time urging the Government to give a bold, and even solitary, lead in action which most likely would bring about war. And then when the test came in March 1936 and for the first time they were confronted with the threat of a naked sword, what a running round in circles and parrot-cries of "his own backyard" on the part of nearly all, and especially on the part of the warriors of the Left! No wonder M. Flandin returned to Paris in despair, knowing that the last chance of averting catastrophe was gone. Still, however, the service carried on with much of its old efficiency until, as Mr. Connell holds, the old days finally came to an end on 25 May 1951, the date of the Maclean-Burgess betrayal. For my part I would say that the end had already come during the War with the so-called Eden reforms. The amalgamation of Foreign Office clerks, diplomats and consuls; the raising of every mission in sight (except, of course, that to the Holy See) to embassy rank; welcoming a wider and more indiscriminate intake (including females) into the service, and an increase in personnel everywhere by a hundred per cent, these were the changes which brought the old days to an end as far as the Foreign Office and Diplomatic Service were concerned. But whenever it was the end came, I agree with Mr. Connell that what went before was better.

There only remain to be pointed out a mis-spelling of a name in the footnote to p. 89, and that this is, worthily, a Book Society Recommendation.

JOHN McEWEN

### SLOW BOAT TO JERUSALEM

*The Recovery of Unity*, by E. L. Mascall (Longmans 25s).

*Documents on Christian Unity*, fourth series 1948-1957, edited by G. K. A. Bell (Oxford University Press 21s).

**R**UNNING through this theological work of Dr. Mascall is the idea that there can be no development of doctrine in the Church of Christ and that ultimately that Church cannot be infallible. He describes

his aim as being to "work our way back through the history of the Church and use at every stage whatever powers of discrimination we possess, in order to extricate the authentic norm so far as we are able and to see how it can be best expressed in the theology of our own day." This twice-repeated declaration directs the thought of the whole work. Catholic theology is dismissed as being unable to see the Fathers of the Church except as they were recast in the moulds of Trent; judgment may be passed, he thinks, on the former ages of Christianity for their distortions and limitations as long as it is remembered that we suffer from the same and that the twenty-third century may be equally severe on us; Eastern Orthodoxy is to be rejected as a norm since it is not free from distortions and divagations of its own. In place of the Holy Spirit guiding the Church into all truth there is to be the old Anglican appeal to "Scripture, the Fathers and sound learning," which will have to make a human fallible attempt to get back to the faith of the early Church as a means of healing the modern disunity. The Orthodox themselves, in their declaration at Evanston which Dr. Bell's book reproduces (along with much else that is useful), repudiate this in no uncertain way: "The Orthodox Church cannot accept that the Holy Spirit speaks to us only through the Bible. The Holy Spirit abides and witnesses *through the totality of the Church's life and experience*." Dr. Mascall often confuses development of devotional practice—which can be repudiated by a later age—with development of doctrine—which cannot, if the Church is to be judged infallible. Even here he seems unaware of the enormous and beneficial development of eucharistic devotion in the post-Tridentine Church, without which a liturgical revival would have been impossible. It is a biased judgment that scorns the Baroque liturgy as "grand opera," while not seeing that it was calling the people to participate in the liturgy in the most effective way, by the reception of the Eucharist. It is true that the Book of Common Prayer, in its three forms of 1549, 1552 and 1662, witnesses to a decline in the practice of communion among Anglicans, but in the Catholic Church, in spite of its "grand opera," the tendency was the reverse.

The concluding chapters are devoted by Dr. Mascall to Roman controversy. It is a surprise to see in this section the withered old chestnut about Keenan's *Catechism* and the infallibility of the Pope; the work was a controversial catechism, not one for the instruction of children, and was based by its Scottish author on the Gallican teaching that was still current in 1845 in some quarters. No one can fairly maintain that it is proof of a widespread breakdown of the teaching authority of the Church, as Dr. Mascall thinks it is. His other example of a supposed contradiction, between the teaching of Pius XI in *Casti connubii* on the relative importance of the ends of marriage and a

pronouncement on the same subject by the Holy Office in 1944, turns out to be a simple misapprehension of the Latin, where the words *primaria causa* can mean indifferently either *a* primary cause or *the* primary cause. If it is from such perils of dogmatic development as these that an Anglican author turns away to seek solace in an ideal church of the heavens, into which the churches on earth have ingression in greater or less degree, one can only wonder what he has made of the doctrine, primitive surely, of the mystical Body of Christ, which is certainly no Platonic idea in the sky.

J. H. CREHAN

### A HISTORY OF BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING

*Mountaineering in Britain*, by Ronald W. Clark and Edward C. Pyatt (Phoenix House 45s).

THERE is already an extensive literature of rock climbing in the British Isles, a literature which includes studies of particular ranges, such as the pioneer works by Haskett Smith, O. G. Jones and the Abraham brothers, and, in more recent times, two books on Snowdonia. There are also innumerable climber's guides, but what was needed, and what is now provided, is a general history of the sport from the first beginnings in the eighteen-eighties up to modern times. The distinction suggested by Mr. G. W. Young between mountaineering and climbing helps to explain the contrast between mountaineering in these isles at the beginning of this century and the achievements of the modern desperadoes. Fifty years ago British mountaineers were still influenced by the Alpine tradition. The object of the day's programme was to reach the summit by the route of one's choice. The great climbs of this, the golden age of exploration, were all faces and ridges leading to a recognisable peak. The modern desperado is quite happy exercising his acrobatic genius on some small outcrop of rock. This, of course, is climbing rather than mountaineering. Furthermore, until the outbreak of the Second World War there was still, in our country, a strong prejudice against artificial climbing, that is, against hammering steel pegs into rocks. That prejudice has now largely disappeared.

The joint authors of this book have made their name as writers on mountaineering, and may be congratulated on an admirable book which is not a mere chronicle of climbs, but a discerning and well-written attempt to relate the changes in British mountaineering to changing social habits and evolving conceptions of what is and what is not sound mountaineering. The illustrations deserve a very special word of praise. Mr. Clark is famous for his talent as a collector of period photographs, and this book will enhance his established reputation as

a collector of historical photographs. The photographs of climbing groups in the 'nineties and in the early years of this century are superb. There are excellent photographs of most of the classic climbs, and one or two sensational snaps of modern rock-acrobats in action.

In brief, this is a book which will take high rank among the very few books which qualify as classics in the literature of British climbing.

ARNOLD LUNN

## A SUSSEX THEOLOGIAN

*Bradwardine and the Pelagians*, by Gordon Leff (Cambridge University Press 32s 6d).

THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, when, in Mgr. Hughes's words, "there was a kind of civil war within the academic life of Christendom," is one of the most important, and at the same time one of the most obscure, periods in the history of theology; important less in its own right than for its significance in the pre-history of the Lutheran "Reformation," and obscure because the books even of its best-known figures, William of Ockham and Gabriel Biel, are for the most part available only in almost unreadable Gothic blackletter editions. Mr. Leff has therefore performed a most important service by this admirable exposition of the theology of one of the leading theologians of the age. Born c. 1290, perhaps at Heathfield in Sussex, Thomas Bradwardine was a contemporary of his great rival, William of Ockham, who was born just over the Surrey border in the little village from which he took his name. Bradwardine entered Merton College and, in contrast to Ockham who never proceeded Master (and consequently became known as the *Venerabilis Inceptor* or Venerable Beginner), was a Master of Theology certainly by 1323. While his main work was done at Oxford, Bradwardine later became chaplain to Edward III and in 1348 was elected by the monks Archbishop of Canterbury. He died, however, a victim of the Black Death, a month after his consecration in the following year at Avignon.

Bradwardine lived in an age of disturbance and decline in almost every sphere of life, an age dominated theologically by the decadent scholasticism known as Nominalism. The great synthesis of St. Thomas Aquinas (d. 1274), harmonising faith and reason, had been challenged and largely abandoned; after a too brief partnership the marriage, as M. Gilson has said, between theology and philosophy was being dissolved. The new anti-intellectualist empiricism, stemming from Duns Scotus in its emphasis upon the will, drove a wedge between faith and reason, between the natural and the supernatural. To some extent a forerunner of modern existentialism and logical positivism (rather than linguistic analysis), Ockham denied all reality to Universals, rejected



the validity of metaphysical concepts and limited the range of reason to sense-experience. With the rejection of general ideas and real relations, necessary truth and supersensible knowledge also disappear. Certain truth was restricted to the sphere of the empirically verifiable. The Nominalists emphasised contingency, attributing a disproportionate strength to man's free will and conceiving of God as arbitrary and unpredictable power. The concept of the "double truth" appeared: the teaching of revelation was certain for faith but only probable for reason.

This divorce between the human and the divine meant in practice that the new theology neglected God, as almost entirely unknowable, and concentrated upon man. Bradwardine came forward as the implacable foe of the new teaching, and against its exaltation of man and human freedom he reacted fiercely. In his *De Causa Dei* (*God's Cause*) he answered his opponents by an appeal to faith, Scripture and authority. The campaign was fought on the old battleground, the problem of predestination, grace and human freedom. Where the new "Pelagians" affirmed man's genuine freedom even to the extent of limiting God's foreknowledge or omnipotence, Bradwardine asserted God's total power and absolute sovereignty to a degree (or in a manner) that imperilled human values. Writing of his philosophical studies, he complains that he "rarely heard anything of grace," and he goes on to quote *Romans* ix. 6, "So it depends not upon man's will or exertion, but upon God's mercy," the famous verse that has rung through the theological schools since the time of St. Augustine: *Igitur non volentis, neque currentis, sed miserentis est Dei*. The rigour of Bradwardine's emphasis on God's sovereignty and freedom and on the necessity and power of grace leaves little or no room for man's response to the divine initiative. He combined an extreme Augustinianism with an exaggeration of St. Thomas's concept of God as the First Mover and source of being, and in the resulting theory secondary causes and finite values all but disappear.

Though of great historical importance and interest, Bradwardine was not a great thinker. His mistake was to adopt many of the pre-suppositions of the theories which he was attacking. He perceived the viciousness of the Nominalists' doctrine of God's *potentia absoluta*, an unlimited irrational power, but God's *potentia ordinata* (ordinate power), as interpreted by himself, was fundamentally no less capricious. It may, indeed, be suggested that the errors of the extremists on both sides sprang from a *simpliste* understanding, or misunderstanding, of the doctrine of predestination in *Romans*, and from a failure to share St. Thomas's insight that religion, whether natural or revealed, must be ethical.

Mr. Leff is to be congratulated on this critical study of an important

thinker, hitherto almost unknown, and on his re-examination of the Nominalist theology. He has extended our knowledge of a period which he justly describes as "still largely veiled in mists."

A. A. STEPHENSON

### DUBLIN PLAYBOY

*A Fretful Midge*, by Terence de Vere White (Routledge 18s).

IF THIS BOOK had been a filly, the reader might have guessed that it was bred by Oliver Gogarty out of Somerville and Ross: those with any trace of Irish blood in them should not read it in bus or train for every five pages or so they will be forced to laugh aloud. The hero's non-Catholic father, like many another Dubliner, said that he could afford to have no politics, for to him the *status quo* was desirable, and "politics" meant only opposition to the *status quo* . . . he had politics, of course. He was a Unionist. The insight into the character of his parents' relatives and friends, not to mention the paying guests kept by his mother after his father's death, make one long to have visited the house at Portmarnock or the big house in Phibsborough where Mrs. Vandeleur held her court. The mother stands out nobly, too, from a background of O'Casey-like tragedy. "She was naturally witty, but she hated discussion and could not see any need for it. People, in her view, should get together only for a laugh. She talked to everyone everywhere, and always in the same way, and made the whole business of life a matter of personal relationship . . . for a lover of human kind our house was a foretaste of paradise."

It seems a pity that the author of this book was prevented by his father's hearing some boys of the school singing *Kevin Barry died for Ireland*, from entering Belvedere College, the Jesuit day-school in Dublin. There would have been less fretting for the midge, less of the spleen of the mosquito, but then we should have been without the splendid gallery of characters from his private school in Dublin: Mr. Trees, whose eyes moved in different orbits, "one seemed to contemplate the heavens while the other was slipping sideways to take a look at traffic coming from the rear. Mr. Hodge, the Latin master, had a squint of the usual kind. Mr. Pearson's eyes were out on sticks, like a prawn's. He taught us science," ending with the superb picture of Miss Gounod, the French mistress, "reared in Dublin, evangelical by disposition, of mature years, resolutely grappling with the hard facts of grammar, immersed in aunts and pens and gardeners, she can never be accused of having set our feet upon the path that led to Emma Bovary, Mlle de Maupin, or Cousine Bette."

Mr. de Vere White gives a vivid picture of the housewives of Portmarnock weeping over the wireless set on the morning of 16 January

1922, when Dublin Castle was handed over to Michael Collins by Lord Fitzalan: "It was quite a day for Ireland, but the women I was with were in tears. I watched them with the clear eyes of childhood, observing, not judging, not involved. 'We shouldn't be crying,' wailed Lilia Plunkett. 'They let us down. They let us down,' cried Eileen Cusack."

Though much may be lacking in Dublin since 1922, much undoubtedly remains, and this book, like Miss Olivia Robinson's *Dublin Phoenix*, is a tribute to the march of a nation, which is certainly the last thing its author would wish it to be.

WULSTAN PHILLIPSON

## SHORTER NOTICES

*Socrates, Man and Myth*, by Anton-Hermann Chroust (Routledge 32s).

THE QUEST for the historical Socrates and the doctrines attributable to him has caused perennial controversy. Plato and Xenophon, both acquainted with him, and Aristotle, born fifteen years after his death, have left testimonies which can be complemented by Aristophanes's farcical portrait in *Clouds*. Professor Chroust of Notre Dame University, in a careful and scholarly survey, argues that neither Aristotle nor Plato has historical value for the recreation of the essential Socrates; but Xenophon, who is a less imaginative and less systematic writer, is a more reliable basis for research. The conclusion reached is that his *Memorabilia* and *Apology* were a defence of Socrates provoked by a lost work, the *Kategoria Sokratous* of Polycrates (it is claimed that this can be reconstructed from the *Apologia Socratis* of Libanius). In its turn the *Kategoria* was a rebuttal not of the historical Socrates but of the philosopher as portrayed by Antisthenes, who anticipated Cynic doctrines and converted Socrates into a Cynic prototype. Thus Xenophon's treatises (and Chroust suggests the same of Plato's dialogues) are an idealised defence of Socrates against the distorted accusations by Polycrates, which are directed against a mendacious portrait of Socrates-turned-Cynic. In reality Socrates may not have been a systematic philosopher at all, but merely a right-wing politician attempting to subvert the democratic régime by indirect methods of propaganda.

This structure rests on some dubious assumptions. Does Libanius (c. A.D. 350) accurately reflect the argumentation of Polycrates? Can Antisthenes's views be precisely gauged from the doctrines of Diogenes? Above all, why should such intermediaries cause Plato

and Xenophon to depict a characterisation blatantly false to many contemporaries? Whilst admiring the author's learning and dogged *Quellenforschung*, many will prefer to base their judgments on Platonic and Aristotelian evidence.

*Symbols of Christ*, by Damasus Wingen, O.S.B. (Longmans 8s 6d).

*The Living God: The Rosary of Our Lady*, by Romano Guardini (Longmans 9s 6d).

**A** PROPOS these two recent publications in the "Inner Life" series, it may fairly be asked what the primary purpose and nature of the series are. Earlier volumes, such as St. Francis de Sales's *Introduction to the Devout Life* and Newman's *Meditations and Devotions*, or, most recently, the Shorter Version of *The Revelations of Divine Love* of Julian of Norwich, lead one to believe that the aim is to persuade a religious public to build up a library of spiritual classics for permanent reference and frequent re-reading; though without wishing to define too narrowly the meaning of "Spiritual Classic."

But no matter how elastic the term may be in the minds of the publishers, it could hardly be taken to include Mgr. Guardini's short notes on the mysteries of the Rosary (valuable and useful as these may be), nor the condensation of his series of sermons on God. That Mgr. Guardini is one of the foremost spiritual writers of our time, no one will doubt. But his sermons and conferences are peculiarly modern in that their vitality and catching force are largely lost when transferred to the printed page (which the Monsignor himself implies in his introduction), and doubly lost in translation.

The choice of Dom Wingen's *Symbols of Christ* for this series is even more puzzling. It is an absorbing and illuminating collection of historical data and scriptural texts concerning Christian religious symbols—the cross, the fountain of life, etc. But when all is said and done, and in spite of the excellent unifying introduction, the pieces are little more than literary expansions of "Catholic Dictionary" items.

*A Path Through Genesis*, by Bruce Vawter, C.M. (Sheed and Ward 18s).

**R**EMARKING on the connection between the Church, the new Israel, and the Old Testament, Fr. Vawter writes: "If God did not covenant with Israel, neither did the God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob raise Jesus from the dead." There is much indeed in the New Testament that is intelligible only by reference to the Old, and yet the author of this magnificent book is only too near the mark when he adds that the average Catholic knows about as much about the Old Testament as he does about the *Bhagavad Gita*. Genesis is one of the

most important and interesting books of the Old Testament, and every educated layman should tread its paths with the guidance provided by Fr. Vawter. It will be a pity if anyone is put off by the occasional Americanisms and flippancies which jar a little in an introduction which is really an admirable blending of scholarship and popular exposition. Fr. Vawter accepts the "four sources" theory of the Pentateuch, acknowledges the presence of many "doublets" in Genesis, and shows very clearly the compatibility of these phenomena with the Catholic doctrine of inspiration: "while Genesis undoubtedly contains errors, it teaches none." The reader is offered an excellent account of the Old Testament as a theology of history, a record of God's presence, purposes and mighty deeds. If we may conclude with two small criticisms, it is inaccurate to describe the Septuagint as altogether a production of the third century, and in "God made the firmament, dividing the waters that were below the firmament from those that were above it" (Gen. 1: 7), "were" should be "are."

*God and Us*, by Jean Daniélou, S.J. (Mowbray 22s 6d).

THIS is a translation of one of Fr. Daniélou's best books (*Dieu et Nous*, Paris 1956), and to say so is high commendation. Studying the various ways of knowing God and their proper relationship, Fr. Daniélou compares the God of the philosophers and the God of Abraham, the God of the Jews and the God of the New Testament, the God of the theologians and the God revealed in the religious experience of the mystic. This is a profound book, yet short and highly readable. The Translator's occasional mistakes are exceptionally disastrous; *bonheur* is translated "goodness," faith is stated to be based on evidence as distinct from testimony, and *agapê*, the love of the New Covenant, is represented as self-seeking (pp. 95, 90, 100).

*Dogmatic Theology II: Christ's Church*, by Mgr. G. Van Noort; translated and revised by J. J. Castlot and W. R. Murphy, S.S. (Newman \$7.00).

THIS is the second volume of a series destined to contain ten. "The section on the dissident Christian Churches . . . has been completely overhauled. A new chapter on the Mystical Body has been added. The appendix on Church and State has become a chapter. The material on members of the Church and the necessity of the Church for salvation has been thoroughly revised. An appendix on the primacy text in Matthew has been added." A specially valuable element is the inclusion of modern "objections" to the orthodox argument in a very fair-minded way, especially in what concerns Scripture, though we scarcely see why Greek quotations should have been written in English



characters: if a student cannot read Greek, the mere Greek words cannot mean anything. But the book is unusually readable—even, here and there, rather colloquial: "It certainly is not a back-breaking job to find the legitimate successor of Peter": "Honorius was a bit gullible"; but this is far preferable to a dull formalism. The series should certainly be in all consulting libraries, Catholic or not.

*My Sunday Reading*, by Fr. K. O'Sullivan, O.F.M. (Bruce \$5.00).

THIS BOOK contains the Sunday Epistles and Gospels followed by a brief explanation of the text, and then a practical "application." It is not intended for experts or the pulpit, but for intelligent readers willing to take trouble over "refreshing" their minds on points of their faith. When Fr. O'Sullivan says that they may well do this on "the Sabbath day," we think he means Sunday, though the book may indeed usefully be studied on Saturday, so that readers may arrive at Sunday Mass with their minds prepared. Without preparation, what indeed is the ordinary reader to make of, e.g., the epistle (about Sara and Agar) for the fourth Sunday in Lent? Dr. Kyne, Bishop of Meath, writes an appreciative foreword, telling us that the author has travelled in Palestine and taught Scripture in Rome and the U.S.A., so his comments, while sober and avoiding all "problems" likely to distract a reader, are highly sanctioned. A short prayer, to be used before and after reading, is printed on a separate slip.

## CORRESPONDENCE

*The Editor, THE MONTH.*

DEAR SIR,

My attention has been drawn to Mr. Donald Nicholl's notice of *King Arthur's Avalon* in the March MONTH. I appreciate Mr. Nicholl's remarks about my style, and note with satisfaction that he has not even tried to refute my main arguments, of which the essential solidity was in fact attested by almost every serious reviewer.

But I feel bound to offer him two bits of advice.

The first is that he should pay some attention to the recent archaeological work at Glastonbury, as outlined, for example, by Dr. Raleigh Radford on Network Three. Not only have the archaeologists confirmed one of my wildest conjectures (the one about the "large house" on the site), they are now apparently more willing to accept the legends literally than I am myself, seriously contending, for instance, that Arthur's grave was genuine.

My second piece of advice to Mr. Nicholl is that he should read *King Arthur's Avalon*. Here are two examples of what I mean. He

accuses me of quoting the *Life of St. Collen* without explaining that the manuscript is late. As a matter of fact the necessary point is made on the very next page. Again, he says he could not trace the charter of A.D. 601. Yet he did not have to look any further than page 146, where the subject is introduced in its proper chronological place. My discussion there is based on that of Professor Slover, no undistinguished authority.

A reviewer who talks about exact scholarship, and simultaneously proves that he has not properly read the text in front of him, cannot inspire much confidence.

Yours faithfully,

GEOFFREY ASHE

*Dr. Nicholl writes:*

AS READERS of THE MONTH will be no more interested than I am in Mr. Ashe's counselling I shall try to be brief.

St. Collen. Why, if he has a case, does Mr. Ashe deliberately attribute to me something I was careful not to say? What I wrote was: "the unwary reader would scarcely guess that the *Life* in question is first found in a sixteenth-century manuscript." If Mr. Ashe actually knew that the MS. was sixteenth century, why did he not make this clear to his readers, instead of using it as a "key document" in his argument? It will be seen that I had a duty to warn prospective readers against Mr. Ashe's use of this document.

The "charter" of 601. When I encountered it being invoked as though there is no question of its authenticity, on p. 21, I spent hours searching for it in collections of charters. In vain. By the time that I came to p. 146 of Mr. Ashe's work I had completely lost confidence in his power to criticise his own exciting ideas, and so I did not regard his comments there as evidence—particularly as he gave no references. Eventually, without any help from his book, I tracked down the reference to the "charter" of 601 in an essay by Slover (*Speculum* 1935). On p. 148 of *Speculum* is a passage which Mr. Ashe appears to have taken over from Slover, though without the acknowledgment one would have thought decent. Anyone who cares to examine that passage will see how Mr. Ashe has omitted Slover's qualifications regarding the authenticity of the charter.

I am genuinely sorry to have annoyed Mr. Ashe, whose book I read with great care. But he may find that my exact criticism will stand him in good stead when he comes to write the books which his undoubted talents demand.

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